

THE FIRST AND SECOND WIFE.

BY MRS. MARIA B. OSBORNE.

"**HEM** that cravat for me that I brought in yesterday; I want it this evening."

The speaker, a stout, ruddy "six footer," looked down on a small, pale woman, who sat holding a fat boy of seven months, while another in its third summer was pulling at her dress.

"You've got three very good ones, ready to wear; wont one of those suit you? I've got a great deal to do to-day," was the reply.

"No; I want the new one; I like a change once in a while. And I really wish you'd stop pleading such an amount of work when I ask a small favor. You always do it."

"O, no; not always," she rejoined, mildly. "Sometimes the children are more trouble than at others."

"There it is again—the children! I'm tired of hearing the old story. Anybody would think, by your talk, that you were killed with work, with only your husband and two little boys, who, I dare say, are as easy to take care of as the common run of children. What if you had six, instead of two?"

Mrs. Luther did not reply. A sad look stole over her once round, rosy face, which she quickly averted to conceal an unbidden tear.

"I'll send home a turkey and some vegetables. Now don't fail to get up something nice in the way of pudding, for I forgot to mention that Morris will dine with us to-day, and he's quite an epicure," added Mr. Luther, re-opening the door he had just closed. "Well, what now? Crying, I declare! Now if there's any one thing that I dislike more than another, it's to see a woman cry about nothing!" he exclaimed, in a fretful, injured tone, as a second tear, bolder

than the first, rolled down his wife's thin face, and dropped on the infant's soft hair.

"Don't speak so harshly, John. I'll try my best to please you," she murmured, with quivering lips and tremulous voice.

"Well, that's all that's required of you; so there's no use in making a child of yourself." And, Mr. Luther, slamming the door, walked hurriedly through the entry, into the street.

His wife leaned her head on her hand and wept unrestrainedly. The baby-boy looked up wonderingly into her face, while her first-born, relaxing its hold of her dress, stroked her cheek lovingly with its tiny hand, lisping in infantile accents, "Me love mama—me love mama."

Mrs. Luther was deeply moved by this touching demonstration of childish sympathy. She clasped her little comforters in a long embrace, and then wiping away all traces of agitation, proceeded about her daily duties with a calm though saddened countenance.

Four years before, she was a glad, gleeful maiden, knowing no care, feeling no sorrow, and guarded jealously by fond parents, who liked not even the winds of heaven to blow upon her too roughly. A trusting, loving, guileless nature was hers, painting the future in rainbow lines, crowning it with a garland of evergreen, which should outlive the heat of summer, the blasts of autumn, and the snows of winter. Among her fancies, girl-like, she pictured one, whose very existence would be so intermingled with her own, that to doubt him would be to wrong herself.

But, alas! gentle maiden, Jean Paul Richter spoke truth when he said: "Thou knowest not

that thy gentle heart needs something warmer than blood, and the head better dreams than the pillow can give it; that the perfumed flower-leaves of thy youth must soon be drawn together to form the scentless calyx-leaves, to protect the honey-cup for thy husband, who will soon demand of thee neither tenderness nor a light heart, but only rough working fingers, feet never weary, laboring arms, and a quiet, paralytic tongue."

And so when Agnes Tracy thought she recognized her second self in one of the stronger sex, she gave him, unreservedly, the whole wealth of her affections, won by the honeyed words and the winning tones which are so common before matrimony, but which, unfortunately for both parties, are generally neglected afterward. She left father, mother, brother, home, friends, all, to become a wife, never harboring a suspicion that the chosen one did not mean all he said, even to loving her better than himself.

But Time, that great expounder of mysteries, solver of problems, and the stern teacher whose lessons may not be scorned, brought convictions which she could not well withstand. Gradually the truth dawned upon her that she had married a cold, selfish man, who had been attracted by her personal beauty and accomplishments, and perhaps—but Agnes spurned that idea at first—by the considerable property her kind father had made over to her, which he lost no time in putting in a "safe place." Where was her ideal love? Where the earnest suitor, with his looks of tenderness and his words of eloquence? Echo, in mournful, dirge-like tones, repeated, *where?*

Mrs. Luther was a disappointed wife. Her husband, although not positively unkind, was unloving; and that, to one of her sensitive, susceptible nature, was almost equivalent. He expressed no sympathy in her movements, considered it beneath his dignity to inquire into anything relating to domestic matters, and labored under the common delusion that housework *did itself*; and that the care of children (one in arms) was nothing but a pleasure. It wasn't at all likely that his wife was ever tired, so he rarely condescended to ask her the question, or offered to relieve her of the charge of either of her offspring when he happened to be in the house an hour or two. O, no; Mrs. Luther was undoubtedly made of iron, or some other material that wouldn't wear out, and might be on her feet all day, and awake all night, without any detriment to her physical system. A washerwoman was employed weekly, and what reasonable wife could ask more? If he hired a girl,

there'd be nothing left for Mrs. Luther to do, and the probability was that she would either be wearing her clothes out tramping the streets, or else relapse into reprehensible habits of indolence, which ill become a good wife and devoted mother. But we will not detail more of Mr. Luther's eccentricities—in charity we will give them no harsher name—but let them develop as we proceed with our sketch.

Conversations like the one we have narrated, were not unfrequent. Mrs. Luther acceded to his inconsiderate and unfeeling demands, because she could not well do otherwise; she was dependent upon him for even her small meed of happiness. Her parents had deceased soon after her marriage, her only brother lived in a distant city, leaving no friendly and pitying ear to listen to her earnest longings for spirit companionship. Had she been childish, she would have wished to die; but the remembrance of the loved ones committed to her charge, reconciled her to an existence, which, without them, would have been insupportable.

On this morning, like many other weary mornings which now were counted by months and years, Mrs. Luther commenced her task—the severe physical labor of attending, unaided, to the wants of two young children, cleaning, cooking, and the endless minutiae of domestic affairs. The room did not present a very encouraging aspect. The breakfast table stood in the centre, with the usual compliment of odds and ends, unwashed dishes, etc. Mr. Luther's dressing-gown, slippers, shaving apparatus (he generally made a dressing-room of the kitchen in the winter, it was so much more comfortable) lay scattered about in beautiful confusion, while headless horses, tailless dogs, broken miniature houses, squeaking trumpets, and disabled soldiers, might be seen upon and under every chair; the mother availing herself of anything in the shape of toys which would serve to amuse her little charges while her attention was elsewhere directed. There were so many things to be done she hardly knew what to do first; each day brought its particular duties which could not well be omitted. She took up the baby, nicely washed and neatly dressed the little fellow, and placing him in the cradle, went through with the same operation with the mischievous prattler who had, meanwhile, busied himself with overturning her work-box, to the imminent detriment of several spools of white thread which he deposited in the coal-hod.

When this was done, the turkey and a quantity of vegetables were brought in, and all matters being secondary to dinner (Mr. Luther nev-

er overlooked any omission or tardiness in that department of housekeeping), everything else was set aside for that. It is no small matter to dress and prepare a large fowl for the oven, as any one knows who has had experience in such particulars; and by the time that duty was successfully accomplished, the vegetables duly cleaned, and the cranberries stewed and dished, the pudding claimed attention. A few minutes reflection decided what it should be, when the best part of an hour was spent in putting the different materials together. She was so busily engaged in this proceeding, that ambitious little Jessie mounted an opposite table unnoticed, and stood gazing curiously at his round face in the looking-glass. An inadvertent step backward sent him tumbling to the floor, when the frightened mother, forgetting her pudding in anxiety for her child, soothed and rocked him until his sobs were hushed in sleep. Just then the baby, indignant at her long neglect, screamed lustily, of course waking his brother, whose swollen head inclined him also to join in the chorus, which the perturbed parent had much difficulty in stilling.

A nervous glance at the stove reminded her that the coal was getting low, and another at the clock that the moments were precious. More fuel had to be brought from the cellar (Mr. Luther always managed to forget that), and so his wife, with aching head and trembling step, was forced to fill the hod, and drag it slowly up the stairs. The fire was too far gone to revive quickly without the aid of charcoal, so a second journey was made below for that article, and after persevering efforts, a fresh blaze was started.

Worried and anxious, Mrs. Luther alternately looked at the clock and the turkey; the hands of the former went round steadily, but the latter seemed not to bake at all. Dinner would inevitably be late, and what would Mr. Luther say? He rarely made any allowances for circumstances, reproached her for neglect, and wondered why she "didn't punish Josie, when he happened to get a fall, instead of *babying* him. Women always went to work the wrong way to do anything, and then when there was trouble, the husband got blamed for it."

The clock struck twelve. Between the turkey, the fire, and the children, the breakfast dishes remained in *statu quo*. Those were to be washed, the knives to be cleaned, the table to be laid, the vegetables to be cooked, the pudding to be watched, the fire in the parlor to be kindled, and her own toilet made for company, in just sixty minutes. Poor Mrs. Luther! she was in

an unfavorable situation for entertaining a visitor agreeably. Her temples throbbed with pain, her face was heated and flushed, while her knees bent under her with weakness. And yet she must make an effort to look glad and happy, or her husband would wish, as he had often done, that he had not married a moping, complaining wife." Ah, it is the little things of life that make our happiness or misery! How much a single kind word would have encouraged the disheartened one—how much joy a sympathizing look would have infused into her sinking soul! O, ye husbands! be not chary of these blessed heart-tokens which cost you nothing. They may be but trifles to you, but they are much, very much to the mother of your children. Deprive her not of them, for they sustain her wonderfully in her wearisome struggle with life's cares.

But we are moralizing, forgetting the while that the fine fowl in the oven has, in return for Mrs. Luther's close attention, put on a beautiful brown, that cannot be excelled. Again and again, despite the glowing coal that made her cheeks tingle, she moistened it with the fluid in the pan, prepared a delicious gravy, seasoned the vegetables to a charm, and had the satisfaction (by making an extraordinary effort) of getting everything in readiness simultaneously with the city clock's striking one, and the entrance of her husband and his friend. Leaving the latter in the parlor, Mr. Luther at once proceeded to the kitchen.

"Dinner ready?" was his first inquiry upon entering.

"Almost," responded Mrs. Luther, lifting the fowl from the stove to the table.

"Roasted, as sure as I'm alive!" he exclaimed, taking a step forward. "What could induce you to cook it in that way?"

"Why, I took it for granted that you wanted it roasted! You said nothing to the contrary," she replied, with considerable surprise.

"Well, what if I didn't! People boil turkeys, sometimes, as well as bake them, and a change once in a while is desirable. I sha'n't enjoy the dinner a bit. I had set my mind upon boiled turkey, roast you can find at every corner," said Mr. Luther, with ill-concealed impatience.

"I am sorry you are disappointed. If you had told me your wishes, I would have governed myself by them," his wife patiently rejoined, struggling to repress her wounded feelings.

"We can eat it as it is, I suppose. What have you got for pudding?—a batter, I hope—Morris is fond of them, he tells me," added the husband, in a tone rather more good natured.

"No, I have made a very nice plum pudding, as you said last week you liked them much better than batter."

"What if I did? Because one likes beef-steak, it's no sign he wants it every day for dinner! It seems to me you have put yourself out to cook the wrong things. But it's always so—I might have known better than to ask company home. Morris never eats plum pudding; I think I remember hearing him say so."

"But how should I know his likes or dislikes?" remonstrated Mrs. Luther, justly hurt by the ingratitude and captiousness of his last remark.

"By asking, I suppose; I know of no other way. Now don't disfigure your face with crying, I beg of you, Mrs. Luther, for it looks red and blistered enough already. And pray wipe those children's faces, for I wouldn't have Morris see them in that trim for a ten-spot. I don't see what's to prevent you from keeping Josie out of the coal-hod. If you had a large family I shouldn't wonder, but as it is, it's a mystery to me," added the affectionate father, lifting Josie from the floor, and seating him in a chair with more force than was necessary; a movement that so offended the latter that he set up a loud scream, which the irritated parent endeavored to hush by a blow upon the ear. But as this did not mend the matter, he was forced to turn the child over to his mother, with the consoling remark "that she had ruined him."

And this was Mrs. Luther's reward for her morning's work; this her compensation for the numberless steps she had taken, the petty trials she had endured, and a sincere desire to have everything performed to her husband's satisfaction. No wonder the sigh would come, and the tear would flow. Not a syllable of commendation for the pains she had taken to please him, not a word of merited praise for her promptness; nothing but fault-finding. Her efforts were taken as a matter of course. She was his wife, and these duties devolved upon her, sick or well, weak or strong, and it was the height of folly for her to expect to be pitied and fondled like a spoilt child.

Mrs. Luther strove hard to appear calm, and unconscious that anything had happened to occasion disagreeable reflections, and succeeded far enough to perform her part as hostess with credit. Over-exertion had brought on a feeling of exhaustion, and entirely deprived her of appetite; but she had the gratification of seeing her visitor eat heartily of turkey, and hearing him praise the pudding, which Mr. Luther had prophesied so unqualifiedly he would not like.

This was something; yet a few words of like character from her husband would have possessed far more value in her eyes. But censure was oftener on his lips than commendation, so he contented himself by observing "that the room was full of smoke," in a voice that laid the blame entirely at her door, when in fact the east wind was at the bottom of the annoyance.

All things have an end, and so had the dinner. The two gentlemen shut themselves up in the parlor to smoke (that kind of vapor rarely incommoded Mr. Luther) and converse at their leisure, while the wife, faint, tired and sad, rocked the baby to sleep, gave Josie something new to play with, and then, without a moment's rest, began the afternoon programme. All the dinner things were to be cleansed and returned to their places, beside sweeping and dusting, chamber-work, etc., which had necessarily been left undone in the morning. When these were at length accomplished, the short winter's day had materially diminished. Mrs. Luther thought of the cravat. Should she sit down and hem it immediately, lest something should happen to prevent her doing it at all? Such had been her intention, but reflecting that there would be quite as much displeasure manifested if the nice cake and light warm bread were not forthcoming at tea-time, with a sigh, deep and bitter, she set herself about making them. Four times she was interrupted in this employment; twice to rock and feed the worrisome babe, and twice to answer a noisy summons at the door.

Half an hour of daylight remained, as Mrs. Luther seated herself by the window, drew up the shade as far as possible, and with one foot on the cradle to move it back and forth gently when the child stirred in its troubled sleep, and the other for the accommodation of Josie, who was using it as a kind of horse, turned down the hem of the cravat. It was of quite dark material, obliging her to look steadily and closely at the stitches. Her eyes—never strong—smarted under this continued strain, and before one side was completed, she was forced to rise and bathe them in cold water. This relieved her somewhat, and lighting a lamp, she returned to her stitching, pausing only to pick up and console Josie for a sorry bump. The monitor on the shelf pointed warningly to the hour when Mr. Luther usually returned, making her nervous fingers fly the faster.

Hark!—the outer door is opened, while a noise as of some one groping his way, assures the trembling wife that she has forgotten the lighting of the hall-lamp, in her haste to hem the cravat.

"Pitch dark, and no light in the house!" was his ungracious exclamation, as he strode into the room. "I wish you'd see to things properly, and not oblige a man to stumble round in this way!"

Mrs. Luther tried to excuse herself, but she was cut short.

"Don't stop to make up a string of reasons, for I don't want to hear 'em. I'm tired, and want my tea as soon as possible. No sign of supper, is there?"

Mrs. Luther intimated that she had nothing to do but to lay the table.

"That ought to have been done before dark."

"I know it; but I have been busy every minute."

"Undoubtedly," was the husband's sarcastic reply. "You have more to do than any woman I know of. And why you should let that cravat be till this time of day, is more than I know. I suspect, however, if the truth was known, that you are a trifle or more slack, Mrs. Luther. Don't it come as near that as anything?"

The latter made no rejoinder; not from disrespect, but because her heart was too full to speak. The last stitch was taken, the cravat folded and laid aside, and tea soon on the table. Mr. Luther, apparently half ashamed of his unhusbandlike remarks, offered to hold the baby a few minutes, and in several ways tried to appear to better advantage. But the wife could not so soon forget his harsh, unkind words, so the meal was concluded with very little on either side, after which he dressed himself for an evening's entertainment away from home. He did not tell where he was going, or mention at what hour he should return; but as this was not the first occurrence of the same nature, Mrs. Luther was not surprised, as indeed she would have been, had he spent an entire evening with her. That was something which seldom happened now; she had learned not to expect it. Being too much fatigued to sew, several long hours of solitary reflection followed. In melancholy mood, she sat rocking slowly until ten o'clock, when Mr. Luther came in. He made a few casual remarks, then took up the lamp and went up stairs, followed by his wife, carrying the youngest child, who, for a day or two, had given indications of illness. The wearied mother gladly sought her pillow, hoping to lose in balmy sleep the consciousness of mental and physical suffering. But the babe was not quiet long; it grew restless, and moaned constantly as if in pain.

"Do stop that child's noise, Agnes!" said the husband. "I haven't been able yet to get a wink

of sleep. Get up and rock him a little, can't you? He won't be quiet, I suppose, any other way."

Mrs. Luther left her bed, but as the proposed rocking did not bring about the desired end, she took the heavy boy in her arms, and paced the room softly a long time lest Mr. Luther should be farther disturbed. It never once entered the thoughts of the latter individual to offer his assistance, and when his wife remarked that she feared Harry was seriously ill, he promptly denominated it a "fit of temper, which she would do well not to humor." But the anxious mother had different convictions, which every moment strengthened. She knew that the presence of a physician was indispensable, yet this suggestion was pronounced highly ridiculous by Mr. Luther, who was not prevailed upon to dress and go for one until after midnight.

It is not needful to dwell upon what transpired afterward; suffice it to say, that little Harry lived but three days, and in a week Mrs. Luther was childless. Her darlings had been transplanted to a brighter sphere. Cholera infantum had done its work, and the bereaved parent was left with nothing to love, and no one to love her. Her former trials sunk into insignificance beside this one great affliction, which would not let her be comforted. Now, more than ever, she yearned for that sympathy which is so grateful to the chastened and subdued spirit. But ah! where should she look for it? Mr. Luther was not devoid of fatherly feeling, but his nature was so unlike hers, that he could not fathom her deep grief, or appreciate her undying love for her children. At first he was rather kinder, and at times spoke as he was wont to do, long ago. But this didn't last long; he soon became the same exacting, fault-finding person as of old. One day in his wife's life was like every other day—no change, no pleasant variation to break the weary monotony of her existence, which became so wholly absorbed in the remembrance of her bereavement, that her sinking health rapidly gave way. The brilliancy of her eyes, the hectic on either cheek, and the sharp, dry cough, betokened the presence of the pitiless foe—consumption. Yet the husband seemed entirely unaware of all this, and so was quite unprepared to hear her feebly say, one morning, "that she felt unable to rise." He looked earnestly at her a moment, then, without speaking of his purpose, called in a neighbor, and went for medical aid.

It was too late. She never left her room from that day, and in less than three months was laid beside her loved ones in Mount Auburn. In the judgment of the public, she died of hereditary

consumption; in that of the neighbors, "she was worked to death," to use the precise term they employed; but, reader, she went down to the grave with a broken heart, induced by a selfish, fault-finding, unloving husband.

Mr. Luther mourned his wife very much as one regrets the loss of a good horse, or a favorite servant—he missed her services; very soon discovering that a housekeeper but poorly supplied her place. Badly cooked meat, unpalatable pastry, sloppy tea, and heavy bread, he was not accustomed to see upon his table. He scolded, but to no other purpose than to get wry looks and worse meals. Feeling suspicion that there was nothing like a wife, after all, he looked about for some one to take upon themselves the honor and responsibility incident to that station. But he was particularly unlucky; those he wanted said "No," emphatically, and those who wanted him were scarce, and not to his mind. Besides, eligible unmarried ladies said that the first Mrs. Luther seldom looked cheerful and happy, and that was a "bad sign."

But the ambitious widower did not despair. He took a journey somewhere, and returned, after a three weeks' absence, with a youngish, good-looking lady, whom he introduced as his wife. He found her in a curious way. This is the circumstance: Casually entering a courthouse, where a divorce suit was pending, a female, sitting in front, attracted his attention, or, as the saying is, "took his eye." Upon inquiry he ascertained that she was the party praying for a separation from her liege lord, who seemingly cared very little for the result, for he sat near, coolly reading a newspaper, or talking carelessly with a friend.

To be brief, Mr. Luther became interested in the case, and in the woman; and upon hearing the ingenious pleadings of the counsel for the fair complainant, soon came to believe that she was a very much aggrieved individual; for, be it remembered, Mr. Luther had a great store of sympathy for other people's wives, although it has been shown that he had little for the late Mrs. Luther. The complainant gained her suit, and our gentleman soon after managed to gain an introduction, and finally gained her, which ultimately proved no great gain on either side.

The new wife turned out to be an indolent, sullen, heady sort of a woman, altogether different from her predecessor. She liked going to bed early and getting up late, insisted upon having a cook and waiting girl, and required much attention; thought of her own comfort only, was a deal above sewing on buttons and mending hose. She was willing to make just

effort enough to take care of her own wardrobe, and appear on fashionable promenades on pleasant days. Mr. Luther endeavored to exert his authority, and make the new Mrs. Luther tread in the footsteps of the departed; but to no purpose. It was diamond cut diamond. She met him on his own ground, was as heartless, as selfish as he. The latter had consulted his own comfort all his life-time—she had done the same; the one meant to continue in so doing—so did the other. If he was obstinate, so was she; if he got angry, she flew into a passion. If Mr. Luther threatened, Mrs. Luther threatened also, and so things went on, matters settling down into a state of generally understood antagonism; while sullen looks (if not recriminating words) became the order. Everything went wrong in the kitchen, in his estimation. There was a shameful waste of provision, and a lack of skill and neatness in that department; but if he ventured to remonstrate, he was assailed by the united powers of cook, wife and chambermaid, who called him a meddler, an undignified pryer into affairs that belonged exclusively to women, with numerous reproachful and contemptuous epithets, which usually forced him to retreat to his own ground.

He grew thoughtful and absent-minded. The neighbors said he was thinking of his deceased wife, and the demon of remorse had gotten hold of him. He was actually seen to look at Mrs. Luther's grave and sigh. He had discovered the difference between a faithful, meek, uncomplaining companion, who gave herself soul and body a sacrifice to his selfishness, and one exactly the reverse. He began to experience the compunctions of conscience, which ought to have been felt before; and if he saw his own character in but half of its moral deformity, he was certainly an unhappy man. He lost his brusque and confident manner, became thin in flesh, had restless nights, and saw the pale, uncomplaining face of the first Mrs. Luther ever before him. He received no sympathy from friends—they knew the internal monitor was dealing justly with the man, and that no remorse was too acute for him who abuses the goodness and devotion of a long-suffering, patient wife.

The green book of nature is fragrant with innumerable odors, and jubilant with myriad melodies. Every leaf of it is impressed with the power and beneficence of God. To the discerning, it has perpetual lessons of health, wisdom, love, beauty and inspiration. Study it, whoever thou art, whose lot is cast where its verdure and blossom unfold under the breath of summer.

A LONDON FOG.

~~~~~  
BY WALTER FOSDICK.  
~~~~~

THE traveller who has never visited London about the month of December, cannot picture to himself a genuine and complete fog in this city, or imagine the tribulations, the losses and the dangers to which the imprudent man exposes himself if he attempts to go out on such a day. But, before going out, the stranger suffers more than one anxiety; the noises in the house and in the street warn him that it is day, and he sees no day.

He seizes his watch and listens; it goes; but unable to consult the hands, he strikes it.

"Nine o'clock!" exclaims he, in despair;
"am I then blind?"

He rubs his eyes, runs to the window, casts

towards the street a frightened glance, which falls upon thick darkness, and believes himself, indeed, deprived of the most precious of all the senses. He rings violently; a servant comes; but at the moment of his entrance, the candle which he holds in his hand is extinguished.

"What does the gentleman want?" exclaims he, amid the darkness.

"A physician! a physician! an oculist!—the best oculist! Quick! quickly run! Here is a half guinea for you."

And shivering with cold, the poor man throws himself despairingly into bed, waiting two hours for the physician, whom the fog arrests, like everybody else, in his dubious journey. Imagine the sensations of the supposed blind man during these two hours.

The physician arrives.

"Sir, save my sight, and half of my fortune—"

He does not finish, struck at once by a gleam of joy and of light. By the light of the lamp, borne by the servant, he sees the servant; he sees the physician; he sees himself! His blindness was but a dream—a nightmare.

But the physician does not admit this explanation; he has paid a visit; he taxes at two guineas the hallucination of the patient, explaining to him the cause, which is no other, he says, than the fog—the fog which, two or three times a year, makes London resemble the ancient kingdom of shadows.

"A fog!" exclaims the stranger; "but, sir, it is night, the darkest night. How long does this last?"

"One day, at least; often two; and sometimes more," replies the phlegmatic doctor.

"Ah! I will leave this instant," says the stranger; "I will quit forever a country which the sun himself abandons."

"Ah, sir, stop!" says the Esculapius, with a jesting air; "a few moments of anxiety, and the visit of a physician, are your slender tributes to a London fog. Thank Heaven that you are let off so cheaply. If you had, by misfortune, left the hotel this morning, hear what would have happened to you:

"To walk at this time in the English capital, is absolutely to plunge yourself into a soup of yellow peas, ready to be placed over the fire; for the fog, in taking away your respiration, offers you, in return, at once a kind of food and drink.

"A poor nourishment for asthmatics! On one side of the street a fit of coughing, issuing from some aged breast, responds to a similar fit which resounds from the other side. So that if you cannot see the passengers, you have the sat-

isfaction of hearing them scold about their atmospheric breakfast.

"Breakfast, did I say? The dinner, tea and supper are of the same sort. You cannot open your mouth without swallowing a throat-full of fog; and as all day—if one may call this a day—you are obliged to have lights, you consume, by the fog, a notable quantity of gas, oil, or tallow-smoke. These poor lights, themselves submissive to the scourge, give but a dubious, reddish and gloomy ray. They are, like yourself, cold, and illuminate only the least possible space.

"The entire city appears covered with a vaporous tent, beneath which one hears the confused noise of invisible beings. You think that all the smoke which, during twenty years, has escaped from the fifteen hundred thousand chimneys of London, is falling at the same instant from the clouds, after having become corrupted there.

"The odor which it sheds, not only makes you cough, but it seems as if all the colds in the world had given each other a rendezvous in your head, to lodge there. You breathe much like a whale, caught between moving sands and the keel of a seventy-four; and three persons, conversing in a street, make a noise like the bellows of a forge which has a rent in its side.

"So much for the lungs," said the doctor. "To-morrow I shall have, with all my London brethren, some hundreds of invalids to attend. As for surgeons, they will not the less be needed to mend the broken limbs and heads of this cloudy day.

"You walk with the greatest caution, groping your way along the walls, by the doors, the windows, everything you can seize, and at last fall into a cellar, on the shoulders of a shoemaker, who makes his dwelling there; fortunate if, at the moment of your fall, his awl is not pointed upward. You may fall again, head-foremost, into the subterranean shop of a coal-merchant, overturn the mistress of the place on her scales, and receive from the rude hand of her husband a salutation which will leave you as black as his merchandize.

"You flee. Alas! you run against the iron pot of a milkman, the overturned contents of which render still more slippery the pavement which the fog has made so muddy. The irritated man seizes you by the collar; but, warmed by your misadventures, you give him a push which sends him into a basement kitchen, to break some dozens of plates, or the head of the cook.

"To escape the consequence of this catastro-

phe, you run at random, and directly before you, until the moment when an enormously fat gentleman stops you short. So violent is the shock that you roll into the gutter, and the large man into a shop, the door of which his weight has broken open. A new flight to avoid a new affair; and you thank Heaven, muddy as you are, that you did not fall three paces farther on, where an immense drain opens its gaping mouth, which would have engulfed you, its tenth or twelfth victim since morning.

"But as you raise your eyes to heaven—which you do not see—you set one foot in a pile of quicklime, and the heat you feel in this foot warns you not to put the other in it. You turn round a certain corner, which seems to you the entrance yard, where you can clean yourself a little; but you strike your head against a bucket suspended to the wall, and full of whitewash; the thick liquid inundates you, and you are like a phantom in its white shroud. Before you recover your identity, you find yourself face to face with a chimney-sweep, laden with a bag of soot, half untied, the contents of which are partly emptied on you; so that, on one side you would be taken for an old chimney, and on the other for a newly-painted building.

"Some charitable person, on seeing you thus, lends you a dozen napkins and a bucket of water, to purify you from so many stains. This done, you again set out, and become prudent to excess, scarcely daring to put one foot before the other. You arrive, groping, at the stall of a fishmonger, with your arms extended like a blind man. All at once you utter a piercing cry, thinking one of your hands caught in a vice. A great black and live lobster has seized you and clings to your fingers, as a shipwrecked man to the plank of safety. The fishmonger seeing you take flight, runs after you, shouting, 'Stop thief!' It is fortunate for you that in his race he tumbles into a tar-barrel placed at the door of his neighbor the grocer. The monster which has tortured you has, by dint of being struck by you against the wall, at last let go his hold, and you go on your way groaning, uneasy at what may yet happen to you.

"I do not speak of the shocks, jars and pushes which you receive from errand-boys carrying burdens, merchants of cresses, oranges and matches—all this is nothing compared with the rest. Jostling, jostled, overturning, overturned, you confess that the chances are equal for you or against you; unless sometimes the passengers insinuate their umbrellas into your mouth, and, having forgotten your own, you cannot retaliate unless, mistaking a dimly-lighted shop for a

street corner, you thrust your head through a shattered pane. Nothing then remains but to withdraw it (your head) as gently as possible, and go on your way as if nothing had happened. You are sure that the shopkeeper will seize by the collar the first passenger who comes after you, to charge him for the damaged pane. The passenger pays, though innocent, for, like yourself, he might have broken this window.

"It is useless to mention two or three dozen dogs running about in search of their masters, and who have overturned you in your race. As for your watch, you had not gone fifty paces from your house, when it was, at a hundred paces from your pocket, in the hands of a pickpocket as strong as Robert Houdin. After twenty questions to the passengers, who reply to you by twenty others, exhausted with fatigue and cold, you perceive a tavern and enter it. But you know no more than an inhabitant of the moon in what part of London you are.

"Installed in a gloomy and damp parlor, a disorder of the spleen seizes you after the disorder of the fog. You ask if one of those hooks, used to suspend hats, could not suspend the weight of your body; you try with a convulsive gesture, the strength of the bell-ropes; you glance with gloomy and sinister eye around the room, astonished at not seeing there thirty unfortunates hung in despair in such a day. In order to escape these lugubrious ideas, you light a cigar, and calculate the number of glasses of grog necessary to throw you into a slumber or oblivion. But, at the fifth glass, summoning all your philosophy, you decide to enter an omnibus, if there is a driver bold enough to venture into the street in such weather.

"You wait for one at the door, summoning, instead of an omnibus, a dozen coal-carts. The desired vehicle arrives at last at a snail's pace; you jump in and crouch in one corner, unseen by your tailor, provided with a bill of fifty crowns to your address, which is, at least, one compensation for so many evils. You are about to congratulate yourself that all danger is passed, when a bewildered cab-horse thrusting his head through the window of the omnibus, places his warm and smoking nose on your face, and thereupon oaths are exchanged between the two drivers, he, of the cab, wishing to the omnibus horses a disease like that of his own horse. At these words you shudder at the embrace you have just received, and for a week believe yourself a prey to the equine malady.

"Whither is the omnibus going? Little do you care; to be sheltered is all you desire. But great is your anger when the omnibus, after a

journey of ten minutes, stops, arrived at the terminus of its route. It took you up at Bridge-court, and leaves you at Cross Keys, which is three miles from your lodgings! Here are twelve pence thrown away, and new dangers to be encountered. You have, nevertheless, some little pleasures. There, you see an old lady put her foot into a basket of eggs; here, a young lord stumbles into the shop of a librarian, in the middle of a row of richly bound books.

"On such a day a man who is milking his cow at his door, is obliged to hold her by the tail with one hand, for fear of losing sight of her; and the butcher, who is carrying roasting pieces of beef to his customers, finds three or four missing from his basket, which abridges his calls, and also the dinner of three or four clients. But the said roasting-pieces are found safe and sound on the tables of skilful marauders from St. Giles, or Rosemary Lane, the quarters of the dishonest poor.

"If the fog happens on the day of the cattle-market at Smithfield, the traps of the good people in the neighborhood are all open, and more than one stray sheep falls into them. On a foggy day the laws of optics are reversed. Through a sort of mirage, objects assume gigantic proportions; a dog has the appearance of an elephant, a gas-pillar that of a pyramid; houses acquire strange perspectives, the length of streets becomes a mystery, and their names, hieroglyphics lost in the night of time.

"For a genuine Londoner, the thickest December fog is an ordinary thing; he lights up his shop at eight o'clock in the morning, without more ceremony than at eight in the evening. But to the traveller, the stranger, it seems something horrible—this capital enveloped in an obscurity, which is neither day nor night, and against which thousands of gas-lights contend in vain. The multitude of torches, borne and waved by the passengers, add to this fantastic and prodigious scene. These smoky and sombre gleams, reflected on the faces of the inhabitants, present the image of an infernal city, where everything burns without consuming.

"On the Thames, where the fog is most dense, the accidents are most numerous; boats run into each other, or are crushed in passing through the arches. From the top of a bridge, you cannot see the boat which passes beneath; so most of the steamboats suspend their trips, the pilot, who holds the helm, being unable to distinguish even the brow of his boat."

After these confidences of the doctor, the traveller has nothing better to do than to return to bed, until the sun shall have dispelled the fog.

THE RIGOT'S REBUKE:
—OR,—
THE RIVAL CLERKS.

~~~~~  
BY **USTIN C. BURDICK.**  
~~~~~

MR. DAVID MASSINGER was quite a wealthy merchant in a large and thriving inland town. He was a man just turned upon the last half century of his life, and among those who knew him best, he had the reputation of being a very honest man in trade, but at the same time very close and exacting. Those who did not know him so well, were wont to say that he was not always honest. But David Massinger ~~was~~ honest, as the world goes ; that is, he would never do an act of which the law could take cognizance. Beyond this, the least said about the merchant's honesty the better, for there were many people that had traded with him, who had sincerely believed that they had made the poorest end of the bargain, and some of them even asserted that David Massinger had used very unfair means in the transactions. And these men who had said this, were men of veracity—men whose words were “as good as sworn bonds” at any time—a circumstance which was very unfortunate for the merchant, seeing that he wished to retain the good opinion of all the citizens. But then Mr. Massinger was a church-member—a regular communicant, and a professor ; and no man in the town made more show of his religion, or

2

made louder and longer prayers. Every one knew how much religion he professed, for he made the matter very public.

Mr. Massinger employed two clerks in his store, and they were both of them about the same age. John Lowdon had been with the merchant the longest, having been a member of the family nearly ten years. He was a young man, now some three-and-twenty years of age, and he professed the same religion as did his master. In fact he belonged to the same church, and partook at the same communion table. He had taken great pains to copy after his employer, and thus he had been enabled to hide the real points of his character. If he had originally any bad traits, they might have possibly been eradicated under proper treatment, but in attempting to follow after the example of David Massinger, he had learned only to *conceal* and *assume*; so he talked as much religion as did his master, and could pray almost as fluent and as long.

The other clerk was one Henry Hooper, the child of a worthy mother, and whose father had been dead many years. He was a very intelligent, active, enterprising young man, and Mr. Massinger kept him in his employ, at a fair salary, because people loved to trade with him, and because he was really a very trustworthy and faithful young man. Yet the merchant had never been able to see that young Hooper had any religion. He did see that the young clerk was kind, steady, industrious, and strictly moral, and every body seemed to love him, but he had not been able to detect any signs of what he

thought to be religion.

David Massinger also had a daughter,—a bright-eyed, laughter-loving, joyous girl of nineteen. Her soul was big with all that is kind and good, and her heart was made for peace and love and good will. She was often in the store, and she often saw Henry Hooper both at the store and at her father's house. She often spoke with him. The first time she spoke with him alone, she trembled, and her eyes instinctively fell to the floor. The next time she met him in social converse, the color of her cheek was brightened, and her lips trembled while she spoke. After this, Adelia Massinger became acquainted with Henry's widowed mother, and she used to go there to her house to visit her, and often she would meet the son there.

Two such hearts could not long commune together without mingling into one. Those hearts did fall into the crucible of love, and they were melted together. The seal of affection was set; and the word was spoken. They not only loved,

but each to the other had confessed the love, and happiness came to bless them.

"Adelia," said the stern father, as he sat alone with his daughter one evening, "I have a question to ask you, and I wish that you should answer it truly. Do you not love Henry Hooper?"

The maiden was startled at first, not alone by the question, but mostly by the manner in which it was asked. But she answered distinctly in the affirmative.

"Has he ever spoken to you about his love?" continued the father, with a cloud upon his brow.

"Yes, father, he has."

"And what was your answer?"

"That I loved him in return, and most truly," unhesitatingly replied the noble girl.

The old man bent down his head, and laid his hands firmly upon his knees.

"Adelia," he at length said, "you have done very wrong. I do not think that Henry Hooper can make you a proper husband—— Stop—— you need not speak. I know what you would say. I had hoped that your choice would have fallen upon John Lowdon."

The fair girl shuddered as though she had seen a snake when she heard this, and without fear, she replied:

"Is it possible that you have allowed yourself to think that I could love John Lowdon?"

"And may I presume to ask why you should not love him?"

"Simply because there is nothing about him that is worthy of my love."

"What?" echoed the parent, in astonishment. "Nothing about him worthy of your love? Is he not one of the most active members of our church? and does he not maintain a religious character among all who know him?"

"That may all be, but where is his religion? Ah, father, I fear it is an outside show. In his heart he has none of it at all. He wears his profession about him as a cloak; and it serves to hide from the world a soul that is lone and loveless."

"Girl!"

"I speak the truth, father. Only last week a poor starving woman begged of John Lowdon a few pennies with which to buy bread. He knew that woman well. It was the miserable widow whose sick husband died a month since near the pond, and has since been sick herself. She begged of John Lowdon the means of sustaining life, and he repulsed her with a sneer. Was that the part of a Christian? But the woman found succor. Her next supplication was to Henry Hooper. He gave her his arm for sup-

port, and conducted her to his own house, and there he fed and clothed her, and there she yet remains. O, God shall judge the heart, and his infinite eye shall see the hollowness of such professors. How shall they feel when they hear Christ Jesus say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, have ye done it unto me?'"

"Adelia, go to your room. I will speak again on this subject."

The maiden left the room, and the merchant was left alone. He had also repulsed the poor woman of whom his child had spoken. To him she had applied for succor, and he had turned her empty away. He knew that she was worthy and suffering, and yet out of his bounty had he refused even the two mites that the poor widow gave. He could not but reflect upon the circumstance, and the more he reflected, the more uncomfortable he became, so he stopped thinking and took up his evening's newspaper, and commenced reading the report of the stock-market.

On the next morning Mr. Massinger called Henry Hooper into his counting-room.

"Henry," he said, with a very solemn look and tone, "I wish to ask you a few very important questions. In the first place I wish to know what is the state of your mind upon the subject of religion."

The young man looked first surprised, and then pained, and a very close observer could have discovered a curl of just contempt about the corners of his mouth and upon his lips.

"Mr. Massinger," said Henry, somewhat proudly, but yet sincerely and respectfully, "my religion is not a thing to be talked about. It lies between myself and my God. If you have not seen it, then I can tell you nothing of it."

The merchant was considerably perplexed by this answer. It was a sort of new idea to him.

"Do you attend church, regularly?" he at length asked.

"Of course I do," Henry replied.

"And why?"

"Because I love to. Because I enjoy the religious exercises."

"What meeting do you attend, principally?"

"Always at Mr. B.'s."

"What! Do you believe in that doctrine?"

"I do."

"And do you consider yourself safe in such a course?"

"Safe from what?"

"The wrath of God."

"That, sir, is a subject upon which I never

think. I simply obey God's laws as I understand them; I take Christ for my guide, and the nearer I can approach to the standard of life which my Saviour lived, the more joyous and happy I feel. I can only hope to love my God and my Saviour, to love my fellow-men, and to do unto others as I would that others should do unto me. The rest I leave with my God, sincerely trusting that he will not forsake me in my infirmity."

"Henry Hooper," resumed the merchant, after some moments of conflicting thought, "you have made an avowal of love to my daughter."

"Yes, sir, I have," the youth returned, with considerable emotion.

"Then let me tell you what I will do. The girl loves you, and I would not see her unhappy. Join my church and attend meeting with me, and she shall be yours. You may think of this, and give me an answer at your leisure."

"I shall need no time, sir, to entertain such a proposition," quickly answered Henry, with a flushed cheek, and a burning eye. "I cannot listen to such a thought for a moment."

"Then you refuse?"

"Yes, sir. I do refuse to sell my soul for any barter. My religion, sir, is my highest source of earthly joy, and if ever I take to my bosom a wife, the presence and operation of that religion shall be the very anchor of my domestic joy. No sir. Were I to sell my religion for a wife, then I should have no soul worth a wife's possessing."

"Very well," uttered the merchant, with an ineffectual attempt to appear calm. "You have given me your answer, and now you shall have mine. Adelia Massinger shall not be your wife. Remember that, and govern yourself accordingly. That will do, sir. You can go about your work."

Henry left the counting-room with a bowed head and a trembling lip. But he remembered Adelia's love, and he remembered, too, how nearly the religion of her soul agreed with his own. She was of age, and free to do her own will, and in his soul he knew that even her father had no earthly right to blight and crush her hopes and joys forever.

"Adelia, Henry Hooper can never be your husband."

The maiden looked up into her father's face, and an ashy pallor overspread her features. But the color soon came again, and in a trembling tone she asked:

"Why not, father?"

"No matter why. It is my will."

"But I have a right to know the reason for your decision."

"I have reason enough. A child of mine shall not marry with an Infidel!"

"An Infidel? What do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, perfectly astounded. "Henry Hooper is not an Infidel."

"He is just the same to me. He has no fear of God's power at all."

"Perhaps you misunderstand him," returned Adelia, feeling strong in the work of defending her lover. "He does not stand in any dread of God, and why should he? He does what he believes to be right. He obeys God's laws, and he finds them pleasant and easy. He *loves* his God instead of *dreading* him."

"Girl, beware! Look out that you do not break my heart by losing your own soul upon the same subtle quicksand of infidelity."

"I will answer for my soul, and as far as your heart is concerned—if you can thus calmly consign me to lasting misery, I do not think it will easily break. I love Henry with my whole soul."

"But he shall not be your husband, nevertheless. I am determined—"

"Stop," interrupted the fair girl, with a quick, decided manner. "Do not say too much, for I shall choose peace rather than misery, and if I cannot find it beneath your roof, I shall—"

She hesitated in her speech, for she remembered that she was speaking to her parent. She had been urged on by her warm love and impulsive instinct to resist wrong; but she would not willingly say too much to her father.

"Go on," said the merchant, with a look and tone of contempt.

"No, father, I will say no more. But I hope you will not blast my every hope of happiness here on earth."

As she spoke this, she bowed her head and burst into tears. Her parent chose to say no more at that time, and the subject was dropped.

Adelia knew that it was the settled plan of her father that she should marry with John Lowdon, but she had made up her mind that she would never do such a thing. Further than this she wanted time to reflect.

One morning about a week subsequent to the interviews just recorded, Mr. Massinger discovered that he had been robbed of five hundred dollars. He hastened to his ledger and found that all was right there, but yet the money was gone from the safe. He called John Lowdon one side, and told him of the circumstance. The confidential clerk was astounded, or, at least, he

pretended to be, and he wondered how such a sum could have been taken without detection, as the safe was beneath the desk in the counting-room, and always kept locked save when something was to be taken out or returned by those who had legal access to it.

"But it may have been taken by some one who *has* legal access to it," suggested the merchant.

Lowdon gazed down upon the floor for a moment, and then he said, while a peculiar expression appeared in his eye:

"So do I think it was. You must not think hard of me, sir, if I speak my mind freely."

"Of course not. Go on," said Mr. Massinger, his countenance brightening, as he spoke.

"Not now," resumed the clerk, after he had apparently reflected for a moment. "I will not speak my suspicions at present, but we will wait. I may gain some further light."

"But have you grounds for any suspicions?"

"O yes, the best of grounds."

"Then let me have them."

"Not now. I would rather wait."

"But it is my command that you speak now."

"Then I cannot refuse, sir, though it will pain me to speak what I fear is the truth. Ah, my good master, I would rather hush this matter up—only justice demands that the truth should be known. I fear that Henry Hooper is the guilty person."

"Just my mind, exactly," uttered the merchant, with a sort of exultant look. "But now what grounds have you?"

"I have seen Henry have large sums of money lately."

"But this must have been all taken within a very few days."

"Yes, but listen. Night before last I saw Henry enter the drinking and gambling saloon at the lower end of this street, and I was told by one in whose veracity I have the fullest confidence that he was up in the secret chamber at the gaming table!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the merchant, in pure astonishment; for with all his fears respecting the young man, he was not prepared for this.

"It is not only possible, sir, but it is true. I know Henry was at the gaming-table night before last, and he was there very late, too. And I can tell you more. He was seen staggering through the streets with a drunken companion."

"This you are sure is true, John?"

"I can prove it, sir. Though I should trust that my word would be sufficient. I had meant never to have revealed this, and I should not have done so but for present circumstances."

"Of course I do not doubt you, John. Only the news was so astounding. But I might have expected it. Keep this to yourself for the present. We will watch him and see that he does not spend the money."

"If he has not already gambled it away," suggested Lowdon.

"I will go at once and see the keeper of this saloon," said Massinger, with a groan; for the idea of losing his money came more heavily upon him than did the thought of Henry's sin.

"O that would be of no use," quickly returned Lowdon,—"*no use in the world*, for those gamblers are under the most solemn oaths to keep each other's secrets. You could gain nothing from them, but they would rather deny the whole."

"Very well," resumed the merchant, after a thoughtful pause. "Then let us watch him narrowly, and something may turn up to convict him. Keep your eye upon him, and mark all his movements; and watch him too as he goes to dinner; and this afternoon we will send an officer to search his trunks at his dwelling."

At that moment there was a quick movement just outside the door of the counting-room. Mr. Massinger heard it, and he opened the door and looked out. His daughter stood at some distance looking at some silks which lay upon the counter.

"Adelia, where have you been?" he sternly asked.

"Down to Mrs. Russell's to see about my new dress, and I want some more trimming for it," she replied.

"Have you heard what we have been talking about?"

"Who?"

"John and myself."

"I have just come here, sir."

"Very well—wait a moment, and I will get what you want."

Adelia *had* just come *there*, but still she deceived her father, for she had in reality heard nearly all that they had said.

Mr. Massinger and John went about their business as though nothing had happened, save that they both watched the movements of Henry Hooper with more than common interest—the former regarding him eagerly and suspiciously, while the latter looked at him askance, and seemed nervous and uneasy. Once or twice Henry noticed the look of his employer, but he gave it to another cause. He noticed also the furtive glances of Lowdon, and these, he thought, were the result of jealousy. He little dreamed of the plot that was being hatched up against him.

At an early hour that evening, Mr. Massinger went to the house of a justice to have a warrant issued for the apprehension of Henry Hooper, but the justice was not at home, and he called on the constable, whom he found readily. The constable promised that he would see the whole business attended to that night, and with this assurance the merchant went home. He at first intended to speak to his daughter on the subject of Hooper's crime, but after some reflection, he concluded to wait until the business was all settled.

The evening was pretty well advanced. Mr. Massinger was sitting at his table trying to read, Adelia was upon the sofa pretending to be working a bead purse, but a mere casual observer could have seen that she took no stitches,—her hand trembled too much for that. John Lowdon sat opposite to his employer, and was looking at the pictures in a new book.

Just as the clock struck nine, the door-bell rang, and Adelia started to answer the call. She hastened to the door, and when she returned she was followed by two men.

"Ah, Mr. Sanderson," uttered the merchant, starting to his feet, "you have done the business, then?"

"You see I have brought the youth of whom you spoke," returned Mr. Sanderson, who was the constable upon whom Massinger had called.

"Yes, Mr. Massinger," added Henry Hooper, stepping quickly forward, his face flushed, and his eyes sparkling, "I have come. I have just learned, sir, what a crime you have tried to fasten upon me. O God, forgive you for the injustice. I did not dream that you would thus try to ruin me."

"I would not ruin you, Henry," replied Massinger, considerably moved by the touching tone and manner of the youth. "If there is any ruin, it is you who have ruined yourself. I have been robbed of five hundred dollars, and there are circumstances connected with your recent course which are very suspicious, to say the least. I do really hope you may make them all appear right."

Now Mr. Massinger had some power of reading character from the human countenance, and he could not but own to himself that Henry's face was by no means an index to anything bad. His sympathy, too, had become most strangely moved in the young man's favor within the last two minutes. The very first glance of Henry's eyes, overflowing as they were with imploring and forgiveness, sent a thrill to his soul, and on the instant the hope came to him that the guilt might not rest where he had feared.

"Stop a moment," said the constable. "Miss Massinger knows the most about this affair, and to save time and words, I hope she will explain it as she understands it."

"What! Adelia? You know about this?" uttered the merchant.

"Yes, father," said the maiden, trembling.

"But what? How?"

"I will tell you," replied the girl, gaining confidence. "I did hear all that was said in the counting-room this morning, and I understood it all then, but I could not explain at that time. Mr. Lowdon told you that Henry Hooper had had considerable money lately. So he has, sir. You pay him a good salary, and he wastes none of it. He also told you that Henry was in the gaming saloon, at the gaming table, and that late at night he was seen staggering home with a drunken companion."

"I did say so," stammered John Lowdon, who had turned very pale, "and I can prove it all, too."

Upon the face of Henry Hooper there was a look of pity and contempt. He would have spoken, but Adelia interrupted him.

"Ay," she continued, shaking her small white finger at John Lowdon, "you can prove it; but that is not all you can prove. You can prove that he went there to get away one of his poor schoolmates from that sink of iniquity. A poor youth, the only child of a widowed mother—had fallen into the path of evil, and Henry would save him. For that purpose he went to the gaming house. He found that the misguided man had gone to the hazard table, and thither he went after him, and after much persuasion he drew him away. The poor fellow was much intoxicated, but yet Henry took him by the arm and led him home. All this I knew on the very next morning after it happened, and I had it from the lips of the widowed mother of the sinful youth. And you knew it, too. O, John Lowdon, where do you expect forgiveness for such heartless sins?"

"I did not know all you have spoken," said Lowdon, trembling more and more.

"You knew enough, at all events, to know that you were speaking the basest falsehood. You knew why Henry went to the gaming house, for Lyman Butler told you."

The false, base clerk would have stammered out some reply, but before he could do so, Mr. Massinger spoke to his suspected clerk.

"Henry," he said, "I am going to ask you a question, and I shall now believe you will answer me truly. Do not be offended. Did you take any of the money which I have lost?"

"Mr. Massinger, I did not," was the young man's simple, honest reply.

"Have you any idea of where it went to?"

"That is a question I would rather be excused from answering, now," replied Henry, promptly, but yet modestly.

"Very well—but you will answer at some time?"

"I will."

"Then, Mr. Sanderson," resumed the merchant, turning towards the officer, "I withdraw my complaint, and you may at once set Mr. Hooper at liberty."

"O, sir," returned the constable with a smile, "he is perfectly free now. I have had no writ yet for him."

"Then how comes this?" asked Massinger, in surprise.

"I came here for another purpose," said Sanderson. "Your money, sir, is safe."

"Safe?" uttered the merchant, springing to his feet.

"Safe!" gasped John Lowdon, turning deadly pale, and sinking back into his chair.

"Yes, and even here, your own daughter can make an explanation."

Massinger sat down again, and gazed inquiringly upon Adelia, and after some hesitation, she said:

"Yes, father. I have helped to find your money, and I will tell you how."

At this moment, John Lowdon arose from his chair and approached the door.

"Stop, stop, my young friend," said the officer, moving quickly towards him.

"But I am not well. I will return in a few moments," whispered the trembling man.

"O, stop and hear Miss Massinger's story, and then, perhaps, you can have company. Sit down again, sir."

Lowdon sat down, and Adelia continued:

"A few evenings since I was in at the house of Mrs. Justin, who, you know, was married only a few months since. She told me that her husband was going to make a venture—he was going to send out part of a cargo of goods to California; and she also told me that John Lowdon was going in with him. After this she remembered that her husband had told her not to speak of Lowdon's connexion with him in the business, as Lowdon was very anxious that the matter should be kept secret. I promised her that I would say nothing about it, unless there should be something wrong in it. I knew that John had no money to place in such a venture, and when I learned that you had lost five hundred dollars, I at once suspected the truth.

When I found that you talked of having Henry's house searched, I went at once to Mr. Sanderson, and told him the whole story. He can tell you the rest."

"Yes sir, and in a very few words," said the constable, as he saw that Mr. Massinger had looked towards him. "I went at once to Mr. Justin and told him the story, and also that Lowdon was trying to fasten the crime upon Henry Hooper. He then confessed to me that John Lowdon gave him five hundred dollars last night, and he handed me the money just as he received it. You can examine it, sir, and see if you recognize any of it."

As Sanderson spoke, he drew a roll of bills from his pocket and handed them to the merchant. The latter examined them all, and then, with a painful expression of countenance, he said:

"These are mine—every one of them—the very ones I lost."

"Then you know the thief."

But the old merchant made no reply. He only looked at John Lowdon, and then he bowed his head. It was not pure grief that moved him. He was pained and mortified, and in his own soul he felt humbled. When he did speak, it was to his other clerk:

"Henry," he said, extending his hand, "forgive me for the injustice I have done you. We will speak of this again."

"Now," said Sanderson, arising and putting on his hat, and turning towards Lowdon, "you may go out."

"O save me, save me!" gasped the base coward, cringing from the officer and trembling like an aspen.

"You must go with me now," resumed the officer, "for I have a warrant, and I must serve it. There is no use of begging, for it won't do any good. Come."

So John Lowdon was led from the room, and after he was gone, Adelia fell upon her father's neck and wept, for the excitement had been too much for her.

That night Mr. Massinger had plenty to think of, and long after he had gone to his bed did he lie awake and ponder upon what had passed. He began to see the mere profession of religion in a new light; for the facts of every-day life which had so long escaped his notice were now brought directly home to him, and were forced upon his consideration. Perhaps he reflected some upon the state of his own heart, and if he did, he must have found some things that did not speak very well for his religious incentives.

On the next morning Henry came to the store as usual, but he did not prepare for work. When Mr. Massinger came, the young man followed him into the counting-room, and having closed the door he said :

"I have come this morning, Mr. Massinger, to ask for some settlement of the relation which has existed between us that shall be mutually satisfactory. It must be evident to you, as it is to me, that we had better separate for the future. My habits do not suit you, and while I accept of a situation which has been often tendered to me, you can find some one of your own church who will suit you better, and who will—"

"Stop, stop, Henry," interrupted the merchant, with much emotion. "You must not leave me. Let the past be forgotten, and for the future you shall find no cause for complaint. I have been wrong—I freely admit it, for I have been brought to see it. I will own that I have been bigoted, but my bigotry has received a most severe rebuke. I have spoken to you of religious matters, and harshly, too, but I shall trouble you no more. I have thought much upon this subject during the last week, and I feel that creeds and dogmas do not make religion, any more than does church-membership and profession. I cannot do without you, Henry. Name the salary I must pay you, and you shall have it—only stop with me."

Henry looked down upon the floor and was silent. He was deeply affected, for his employer had spoken feelingly and affectionately, and in a tone that warranted his sincerity.

"Say that you will stay with me," resumed the merchant, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder. "If you refuse me I shall have no other recourse but to send Adelia to plead with you. She might accomplish what I could not."

The young man started and raised his head. He could not mistake the meaning of those words. The tone and manner in which they were spoken told plainly what they meant.

"Will you stay and be my right hand man and bosom friend?"

"Yes—yes."

* * * *

Henry Hooper did stay with Mr. Massinger, and in a few short months afterwards he led Adelia to the altar. He was happy, but he was not much happier than was the father of the blushing, joyous bride. He had now thrown off the last link of the chain that had bound his mind to bigotry and prejudice, and he had found that he was a better and happier man. He had learned that the religion which is of God is that

which can be *lived* and *worked*, and which men show in their every-day life and acts instead of in their Sunday prayers and loud professions.

John Lowdon was not tried for the offence that he had committed. He acknowledged the crime, and so hard did he beg to be let off from the disgrace of trial and imprisonment, that Mr. Massinger withdrew the complaint, and the evil-disposed youth left the place and shipped on board an Indiaman.

The widow's son, he whom Henry led from the gaming house—went back no more to his infamy, but following the advice and example of his noble preserver and friend, he sought honorable employment, and soon became the support and joyful pride of his aged mother.



THE BROCADE SILK.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"DEAR me! It looks shockingly dull and rusty! I wish I hadn't said I would try and make it do this spring," sighed Mrs. Brewer, as she critically surveyed a well worn and somewhat faded silk dress which she was ripping apart. "I did think turning and pressing would improve it, but I don't believe it will pay for the trouble. After seeing those beautiful brocades at Hall's, I'm sure I've no heart to work over this old thing. The pattern is very unfashionable, and I feel as though everybody was looking at me when I have it on."

The lady flung the pieces discontentedly upon the table, and looked quite unhappy; feeling, we fear, rather ungrateful for the former faithful services of the discarded material.

"There's the bell again!" she exclaimed, as a loud summons echoed through the room. For reasons which Mrs. Brewer herself could hardly analyze, she was unwilling that a visitor should know the nature of her employment; so hastily gathering up the pieces she had so lately thrown aside, she hurried them into a closet near at hand.

"I don't feel in the mood for entertaining company. I do hope it isn't Mrs. Follett," she thought, hastening to the door.

But it was Mrs. Follett—a tall, over-dressed lady, with an ungainly figure and exceedingly plain features, which she hoped to conceal by the richness of her clothing. In this instance she was attired in a neat brocade, which the dissatisfied Mrs. Brewer was certain she had called expressly to show, but striving to repress all feelings of envy, she welcomed the lady as cordially as she could, and led the way to the sitting room.

"Have you done your spring shopping, Mrs. Brewer?" inquired Mrs. Follett, after a few common-place remarks had been interchanged.

"Not yet; I have to wait for my dressmaker," was the somewhat hesitating and not entirely truthful reply.

"That is unfortunate; but it's a busy time now, and dressmakers are very much hurried. Miss Taylor—the one I employ—told me last night that she had seven silk dresses to cut and make in this neighborhood."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Brewer, in a tone as cheerful as she could make it.

"Yes, it seems as though everybody was coming out fresh this spring in new goods. But it's no great wonder, for Hall is selling plaids and brocades so astonishingly cheap that his store is

thronged with customers," added the visitor, allowing her cashmere to slip very gradually off her shoulders—on account of the heat, probably, though some folks might think the movement was intended to display the elegant embroidery she wore.

"I heard about his low sales," rejoined Mrs. Brewer, heartily wishing that Mrs. Follett would talk about something else.

"I concluded you had supplied yourself long ago, as you are usually one of the first to take advantage of good bargains," continued the latter, in a tone that evinced some curiosity to know if she intended to buy at all.

Now Mrs. Brewer did not wish to be thought unable to purchase a new silk, like the rest of her neighbors; neither did she feel inclined to confess boldly that it would not be economy for her to do so, as her husband had just established himself in business, and needed every dollar he could command; so she made some evasive rejoinder, and tried to turn the conversation into another channel. But the attempt was abortive; for Mrs. Follett happening to spy a piece of the ripped dress that Mrs. Brewer had unconsciously dropped on the way to the closet, said:

"So you have been ripping an old silk to pieces, as well as myself. You remember I had my green one about the time you had that. Mine made my youngest girl quite a good dress, and I dare say that will make your Sarah a nice one. That piece looks very well—not any more faded than we should expect a thing to be which has been so long in wear. And my old silks very serviceable for young girls that are growing; they save buying new, and last about as long."

If Mrs. Follett had tried to say something exceedingly disagreeable, she could not have made a remark better adapted to ensure the end in view. Mrs. Brewer blushed, seemed embarrassed, and murmured a few words about "getting ready for a dressmaker." The unlucky fragment of silk had told the story she was so desirous of keeping to herself, and this so disturbed her, trifle though it was, that she could hardly appear natural during the remainder of the call, which she was glad was not protracted.

"A dress for Sarah!"—when she had felt obliged to make the best of it for herself! Now all Mrs. Follett's acquaintances—and they were many—would know that she had "made it over" for her own use, unless she could do as the former had hinted, and transfer it to her daughter. She was vexed with herself for having been careless, and with that lady for making such an unpalatable observation, or for even glancing at the piece a second time; but we be-

lieve that had not Mrs. Brewer been influenced by a false pride, the circumstance would have occasioned her no uneasiness.

Mr. Brewer that evening found his wife in low spirits, who, after a little persuasion, made known her trouble. Laughing, he said:

"Why, Martha, that is a speech certainly not worth minding! What do you care for Mrs. Follett, or what she says or thinks?"

"Not what she says, but the effect she will produce?"

"What do you imagine that will be?"

"Neither more nor less than that you cannot afford your wife a new silk."

"But if you know that that is not the case, and you are denying yourself an article of dress to advance your husband's interests, such an opinion ought not to disturb you in the least, for I am sure no wise and discriminating person would censure you for an act of economy."

Mrs. Brewer was silent; she did not look at the matter in quite so philosophical a light as her companion, who, if a thing was right and proper, did not trouble himself about his neighbor's feelings upon the subject.

"Mrs. Follett thinks I am to make over my old silk for Sarah," she observed, at length.

"Why didn't you tell her to the contrary, then, if she went away with a wrong impression of such a weighty matter?" he asked, good humoredly.

"Don't you perceive, Mr. Brewer, that I had rather folks wouldn't know that the dress is to be made over? It's bad enough for me to know it."

"Why not?" he asked, in some wonder.

"Because—because—" Mrs. Brewer hesitated; she thought she had plenty of reasons, but now that they were required, she could not bring a single one to mind; or, at least, one her husband would consider sensible.

"A bad cause, Martha, I fear you are pleading. No evidence, and the whole aspect of the case unfavorable," added the latter, in a bantering tone.

"But I really wish you would consent to my having a new silk, Edward," resumed the wife, earnestly. "You cannot realize how much it would gratify me, and I am quite willing to do without something else to make it up."

"What are you willing to do without?" asked Mr. Brewer, more seriously.

"Anything you desire."

"Our summer's visit to the sea-shore, say?"

Mrs. Brewer promptly answered in the affirmative, although she had formerly considered her yearly sojourn in the country the highest in her catalogue of pleasures; but now it dwindled into insignificance when compared with a "brocade."

Mr. Brewer leaned his head on his hand, and

reflected. "Well, be it so," he said, after a time, "although it seems to me, you will regret it."

Mrs. Brewer thought this idea highly improbable. She retired to rest that night happier than she had felt for several days; not so much because she was to become the owner of a brocade—for she was far from being a vain woman,—as that she was desirous of showing her neighbors (Mrs. Follett in particular) that she could make as good an appearance as anybody. Singular enough, too, the ripped dress, which she had so lately pronounced "faded and rusty," straightway assumed a new value in her eyes; every scrap was carefully sponged and pressed the next day, and declared to be "wonderfully improved."

On the ensuing afternoon, Mrs. Brewer went out "shopping;" the requisite material was purchased, and before she returned home she had secured the services of a dressmaker, who, at an early hour on the following morning, made her appearance, ready to put the brocade into wearable shape. "You have a very small pattern Mrs. Brewer; it will be impossible to get a dress out of this," she said, after measuring it.

"There is as much as I usually buy."

"This width is exceedingly narrow; you forget that fact, probably," rejoined Miss Scott, cutting off breadth after breadth. "But you can get more without any trouble, I presume," she added, looking up suddenly, and remarking Mrs. Brewer's disappointed looks.

"How many yards will be required?"

"You will want a full skirt of fashionable length?"

Mrs. Brewer said she supposed so.

"And large sleeves, made in the latest style?"

The lady nodded in the affirmative.

"Of course you'll have a basque waist?"

Her employer replied that it was her intention.

"Then it will take about seven yards more."

Mrs. Brewer could hardly help starting at this unexpected information. She had indeed quite forgotten that nearly double the usual quantity of silk would be needed of this particular kind, as well as that the prevailing style of "making up" demanded a generous pattern. The additional cost was not an item to be disregarded in her present circumstances. It would make the dress amount to much more than she had expected, or Mr. Brewer had any idea of. But it would not do to show any concern on this point before Miss Scott, who was not at all backward at repeating what she saw and heard at the different places where she was employed, seldom failing to add her own opinions on the same. No, Mrs. Brewer had really not the moral courage to say she was not particular about following strictly

every fashion, or to make the request that economy should be practised in cutting the dress. She felt a morbid delicacy at confessing a desire to save needless expense, although morally certain that Miss Scott had named a much larger quantity than was strictly necessary; therefore, with seeming willingness, she made preparations to go for the silk.

"O, the trimming!" exclaimed the dressmaker, as she was about leaving the house. "You may as well get it while you are out."

"What must it be?" faltered Mrs. Brewer, who had flattered herself that trimming would not be wanted.

Miss Scott named over two or three kinds, at last settling upon the most expensive, on the plea that genteel people wore nothing else, and that, moreover, such good material deserved the nicest of trimming; to which Mrs. Brewer meekly assented, despite her better judgment. So she pursued her way back to the place where she had made her purchase, and was fortunate enough to match the goods.

"You want seven yards, and here are eight and a half. If you will take the whole, you shall have the extra yard and a half for a couple of dollars," remarked the clerk.

Mrs. Brewer demurred; she had no use for it.

"We are not allowed to make such small remnants," he added, not scrupling to prevaricate in order to increase his sales.

"Then you are not willing to cut the piece?" queried the lady, looking a little troubled.

"I should rather not, madam; what is left would be entirely useless to us, while to you it may be invaluable. Besides, I have offered it for a mere trifle," rejoined the clerk.

And so our heroine suffered herself to be persuaded. She took the whole, and was sorry for it ten minutes afterwards—for she remembered that the extra two dollars would pay Miss Scott for her labor. The trimming which the latter had recommended, upon inquiry, she found to be far more expensive than she had contemplated getting; but a cheaper article looked so inferior beside it, that she soon gave the highest priced the preference.

"Ten dollars more, already, than I thought it would cost! I'm afraid Mr. Brewer will think I am extravagant," she mused, as she pursued her way home, thinking of the debt she had just contracted—for, unfortunately, she had not sufficient money with her to settle the bill, and the husband would not be home until evening. But her credit was good, so the circumstance was but slightly headed. Upon re-entering the room where the

dressmaker was sitting, Mrs. Brewer cast her eyes upon the waist of the brocade.

"How do you like it?" queried Miss Scott.

"Why, you have cut it with an open front, haven't you?" said the lady, regretfully.

"Certainly. I presumed you wanted it cut so, as no other kind of waist is worn now by fashionable people, especially married ladies," rejoined the other, her face expressing not a little astonishment at her employer's remark.

"I know they are very generally worn, but I had decided to have it made the old way. But you are not in the least to blame. I forgot to tell you my wishes about it, and did not notice how you pinned on the lining."

Miss Scott regretted the circumstance, and mentally pronounced Mrs. Brewer very eccentric and unfashionable. But the latter lady liked a modish, becoming dress just as well as anybody; yet at this particular time she did not wish to be obliged to purchase proper embroidery to compare favorably with her new silk. She felt hardly able to afford it, since she had considerably exceeded the sum which Mr. Brewer had given her. Nevertheless, this would now have to be done, as Miss Scott's *faut pas* could not conveniently be remedied. Her stock of laces and muslins had become somewhat limited, yet she had resolved to make them do until her husband had more ready money to spare. But in this new phase of affairs, another purchase was inevitable; a proper appearance, in her view, could not be made without it.

"You didn't notice Hall's large assortment of embroidery, did you?" asked the dressmaker, as if divining her thoughts.

Mrs. Brewer colored, and said "No."

"He has some beautiful sets for only ten dollars; the nicest of muslin and the heaviest of work. Mrs. Follett showed me an elegant one that she bought the other day; it was a beauty!"

This information was quite sufficient to excite a strong desire on the part of our heroine to go and do likewise, although an empty purse and an unpaid bill admonished her that she could not afford it.

"If you think of buying," continued Miss Scott, "the sooner you do so, the better choice you will have."

"I suppose so," briefly replied Mrs. Brewer, who forthwith began to argue with herself that this was a very reasonable remark. She had some misgivings about the propriety of procuring the articles on credit; but feeling well assured she could liquidate the bill by the next day, she determined to return to the store and complete her purchases.

Half an hour after she was minutely inspecting the articles upon which her mind was centered. A great many patterns of all qualities and prices were duly exhibited, but she had no eyes for anything save a richly worked under handkerchief with an elegant collar, and a pair of sleeves to match, which she was confident would be the envy of the neighborhood. Ten dollars were demanded for the set—a sum she thought rather exorbitant, but which no persuasion could lessen. She thought her husband would advise something cheaper—in fact she was morally certain that he would entirely disapprove of paying ten dollars for two articles of such an unsubstantial and flimsy fabric as fine muslin. But then gentlemen were not good judges in these matters; few could distinguish between delicate French embroidery and common spotted lace; so her inference was that she had better suit herself; and so she took the sleeves, etc., and went home again, pretty well satisfied that she had got her money's worth—that is, when the money was paid.

Our heroine did not feel quite so happy as she had expected to in the possession of a brocade; it did not look precisely as she thought it would, or fit as neatly as she could have desired. The expensive trimming was certainly an addition, but not much of an improvement. Mrs. Brewer might have explained this seeming puzzling contradiction, by recollecting that rich heavy materials should be "made up" in the plainest manner; its simplicity being its chief ornament. Over and over again she fruitlessly wished she had waited until her husband's return, before making her last purchases. The temptation was great, but she blamed herself for yielding to it. The only and best way was for her to tell him all about it at once, and this she made up her mind to do. Her resolve was a little shaken when he made his appearance, at a late hour, looking disappointed and dejected. This was unusual for him, he being commonly in fine spirits. His wife judged it to be an unpropitious time to tell her story, and remained silent, wondering what had happened to disturb him. She was on the point of questioning him, when he said:

"I am glad your new dress is bought and paid for, because I have met with a misfortune which will probably make me short of funds for some months."

Mrs. Brewer's cheek was a shade paler as she looked up inquiringly.

"Weesby has failed, and I have lost nearly three hundred dollars. He has nothing, and I shall not get a cent."

"Lost three hundred dollars!" faltered she.

"Every penny, and you know that is a large sum for us."

"It is, indeed. And you needed it so much!"

"I'm afraid my business will suffer, for I can ill afford to lose the money."

"What will you do?" asked the wife, at length.

"I shall try and borrow a few hundred dollars of helby, next week; perhaps he will be inclined to help me. We must be very economical now, Martha, and save in every possible way. There is one thing in our favor—we have no outstanding debts to annoy and make us anxious. What little I have is my own; no man has the smallest claim upon me, that I know of, in the world. That is one satisfaction."

Mrs. Brewer's thoughts instantly reverted to the debt she had that day contracted. How could she tell him that she was even then responsible for the payment of twenty dollars? The amount seemed to increase in magnitude every instant. It was comparatively a trifle two hours previously; now it assumed superior importance. To acquaint him with this would only augment his unpleasant feelings, and make his disappointment a more bitter one. She would put it off until morning, when, perchance, he might be more hopeful and in better spirits.

But when that period of time arrived, Mrs. Brewer was fully as reluctant to make the communication as she had been the evening previous. Mr. Brewer was not very talkative, being probably engaged in musing over his loss. He took a slight breakfast, and then hurried out of the house before his wife had gained courage enough to open her lips. "I'll tell him at dinner," she soliloquized, as she walked back and forth between the closet and table. This resolve was thwarted; an acquaintance from a neighboring city alighted at the door in the course of the forenoon, with the intention of remaining a week or two. Therefore, there was no good opportunity—and she did not regret it much—to speak with him on the subject.

The reason of this continued disinclination was doubtless strengthened by a consciousness of having been somewhat lavish in her expenditures; as well as a repugnance to enhance her husband's troubles. The longer she put it off, the more she dreaded to acknowledge her weakness. A week passed away in this manner, during which time the old silk had been metamorphosed into a pretty frock for the eldest girl, the brocade finished, and mother and daughter dressed in their best, among which the new embroidery was conspicuous, had exhibited themselves in the street several times, on promenade, accompanied by their lady visitor. Whether the

sensation they created was sufficient to repay Mrs. Brewer for the efforts she had made to realize her wishes, the following soliloquy may serve to show. She was in her room, alone, and had just thrown off the brocade, which she looked at attentively for some minutes.

"I wish it was back again at Hall's!" she at length exclaimed. "It don't look half as well as it ought to for the money it cost, and the trouble it has made me. And then that trimming don't show at all in the street; my shawl quite hides it. My nice sleeves were entirely hidden, too; I might as well have worn my old ones, as far as the eyes of other people were concerned, for nobody seemed to mind anything about me, except Mrs. Follett, whom I saw looking slyly out of the window, sorry, no doubt, that I can dress as well as she."

Before Mrs. Brewer concluded her reflections, she made a second determination not to let another day pass without making a confidant of her husband. It was time Hall was paid; she had promised to settle the bill in a few days, knowing how much Mr. Brewer disliked to be indebted to others. But it truly appeared as if circumstances conspired against her. She had conquered her irresolution, and remarked that "her dress was going to wear well," when the husband rejoined with unusual seriousness, that "it ought to, to compensate for the mischief it had made;" adding, as his wife manifested much astonishment, "you know I spoke of asking Shelby for a loan of two or three hundred. I made such a request to-day, and was politely though firmly refused. He gave for a reason that if I could buy silk dresses for my wife and daughter, I could hardly be in need of money; and ended by remarking, in his blunt, straightforward way, that a wasteful, extravagant wife would keep any man out of pocket. I knew his remarks did both you and myself injustice, but I did not feel inclined to make a private matter a public fact, and so made no rejoinder. Thus you see, my dear, that your new brocade, although no blame is attached to anybody, prevented my obtaining the loan. Shelby has accommodated me before, and been punctually repaid; but he is a careful man, and evidently feared I was living beyond my means—that he might lose in consequence."

"Mrs. Follett is at the bottom of it all!" ejaculated Mrs. Brewer, when he had ceased. "She visits Mrs. Shelby, and has made out a story to suit herself, and the latter has told her husband."

"Perhaps so; I do not value Mrs. Follett's acquaintance highly, and have often wished she would dispense with our company altogether.

Her principles are lax, her example not beneficial, while her chief enjoyment consists in repeating in one house what she hears in another. I would have as little as possible to do with her."

Mrs. Brewer mentally resolved to be guided by his advice. She did not doubt the truth of his words, yet still could not bear to admit that she had been governed in a great measure by what that same woman would think or say about her. The sight of Mrs. Follett's brocade had made her desire one of like quality, and Miss Scott's description of the former's embroidery had influenced her to purchase articles at a similar price, which she could have done without. This individual had injured her husband's credit, proved false to the friendship she had professed, and Mrs. Brewer felt more than ever reluctant to relieve her mind respecting the account at Hall's.

"I've a great mind not to tell him at all," she meditated. "He has had disappointments enough. Perhaps I can find some way to discharge my debt, and I dare say Hall will not be impatient. I have money, weekly, for household expenses, which I will try to make as small as possible, and appropriate the rest of the sum to my own use. No, I will not tell him."

This idea was acted upon immediately, but it was found to be slow work. The difficulty consisted in robbing the table without the fact being recognized by Mr. Brewer, who knew, to a cent, what everything ought to cost. Then, to make the aspect of affairs more unfavorable, a stream of company began to pour in, entirely frustrating her intentions. Her anxiety upon the subject soon affected her health, and she grew moping and melancholy. Troubles come by couples. At this crisis Hall's errand boy brought her bill for settlement. She was not prepared for this movement, not having expected it under two or three months. Why hers was so soon presented, while those of other ladies, whose prospects were far less encouraging than hers, were suffered to run a quarter, at least, she could not understand; but Mrs. Follett, whose busy tongue had given a note of warning, unintentionally sounded first by Mrs. Shelby, could have explained the apparent mystery. Mr. Brewer had been known to lose money by a certain failure, also to have made an attempt to borrow; so Hall & Co. naturally thought they could not get the twenty dollars too soon.

Our heroine did the best she could with the messenger, promised to call and see Mr. Hall in a few days, then dismissed the lad, thanking fortune that her husband was not at home. The merchant was not satisfied with this message; it only served to strengthen a lurking suspicion

that Mr. Brewer was "going down hill." He had heard rumors to that effect within a few days, which the lady's reply surely confirmed; so he despatched the same lad to Mr. Brewer's store, with directions to say nothing about having first taken it to his house.

The latter gentleman evinced much astonishment, read and re-read the paper, looked perplexed, declared his total ignorance of the transaction alluded to, expressed his conviction that there was a mistake, and finally sent the boy back again to find out if such was not the case; but he soon returned with the answer that it was "all right."

Mr. Brewer looked more and more confounded.

"I am not satisfied about this bill yet," he at length said. "I will speak to my wife in relation to the matter, and if she says there is no error, it shall be settled to-morrow. Come in again in the morning," he added.

Meantime the wife at home was tormenting herself by fruitless endeavors to devise some means of raising the money at once, lest her husband should obtain a knowledge of her unenviable predicament. She had kept the troublesome secret so long from him, when he had a right to her confidence, that she feared his censure. In fine, Mrs. Brewer endured more mental suffering than she had experienced in her whole life; and seeing no practicable way of extrication from her embarrassment, she formed a resolution to make her companion acquainted with the whole before she again slept.

This resolve was kept. With faltering voice and downcast eyes, our heroine told her story, adding that her own procrastination had produced its own punishment. Had Mrs. Brewer looked up when she commenced speaking, she would have remarked that her husband's face was clouded with something akin to sadness, and that its expression was somewhat reproachful. When she had finished, he remained silent a moment, while Mrs. Brewer sat in expectation of a deserved reproof.

"I am glad you told me about it, Martha; it is much more gratifying than to be obliged to introduce the matter myself," he observed, after a pause which seemed interminable to his wife.

"Then you knew of it?" she faltered.

"I have been aware of it only a few hours. Mr. Hall doubtless thought I had more means of paying bills than yourself, and sent the account in this afternoon for settlement. It was so unlike you to contract debts without my knowledge, that I doubted the genuineness of the paper, or at least was not willing to pay the sum demanded until I obtained your assurance that it was

honestly due. I shall not reproach you, for you have doubtless expiated any error you may have committed, by the anxiety you have felt; yet I cannot help thinking that the brocade has proved to be rather an expensive dress," he added.

"I shall never want another," sighed the wife, sadly.

"Then, perhaps," he smilingly rejoined, "it may prove a cheap one to me, if that is the effect of your experience."

"I don't think I shall ever wear it again; I should always be thinking of the trouble it has caused me," she resumed, with a doleful attempt at looking cheerful.

"Then it will last the longer, Martha; and for the future you will have a brocade on hand for any emergency."

Mrs. Brewer smiled feebly.

"I expected to be so happy and satisfied," she added.

"It will teach you that our expectations are often disappointed many times for our good."

Two ten dollar bills in Mr. Brewer's pocket-book changed hands the next day, thereby making Mrs. Brewer a happy woman, although her mind's sky was rather clouded by the reflection that had she remained satisfied with her old silk a few months longer, she would have been spared both the expense and uneasiness of mind. This experience taught her to rely more upon her own good sense and judgment than her neighbors' opinions, and likewise convinced her that the possession of a brocade was not the sum-total of human happiness, besides showing conclusively that the gratification of one want only

sively that the gratification of one want only
paves the way for the formation of another.



NO NEIGHBORS.

~~~~~  
**BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.**  
~~~~~

"**AFTER** all, Lizzie, I think you will be happier here than you could be in the crowded city. I dreaded at first leaving you in the solitude of the country, and it was only stern necessity that compelled me to acknowledge, that, with my reduced income, the change was really essential. But now that it is made, and I see the many comforts by which we are surrounded at a comparatively trifling expense, I am quite reconciled to the loss of our city home. There is a purity and freshness in the very air around us which seems to bring us nearer to heaven. If I could but remain with you, Lizzie, I am sure we should be happier than we ever have been."

"But you cannot remain with me, Henry, and when you have said this, you have divested our new abode of every real or fancied charm. It is to me but a gloomy, desolate prison, where I am to endure a miserable existence until it please Heaven to restore you to my arms."

"Not gloomy and desolate, surely, Lizzie. Look around upon the lovely landscape. Listen to the music of the birds as they sport among

the flowers in your own little garden, and rejoice in the bright sunshine. Then think of the comforts of this pretty cottage. It seems to me more like a paradise than a prison."

Lizzie smiled as her husband spoke, but it was a sad smile, and a moment after tears fell fast from her eyes. The last year had been one of sad reverses, and now the greatest trial of all was to come. Her husband's business obliged him to leave home for several months. During his absence great economy would be necessary. A neat little cottage with garden and adjacent fields had for some years been in their possession, being the bequest of a near relative. Hitherto they had left it in the undisturbed possession of a worthy tenant, but now the question arose whether it might not become a home for themselves. After some doubts and difficulties, this plan was at length adopted, and just as the spring was budding in its freshness and beauty, the little family came to their new home.

To the husband, it seemed a delightful retreat from the noise and bustle of the city, and he watched with delight the happy countenances and joyous steps of his children as they bounded over the green fields. But the heart of his wife was sad and desponding. The change from luxury to simple comfort was a great one, but this she felt might be borne, with her husband by her side. But to part with him for months, perhaps for years, and to be left alone with her little ones, a stranger in a strange place, seemed more than she could bear. She made no effort to look up, but allowed her mind to dwell constantly upon her sorrows, regardless of the many blessings which still surrounded her.

Much affected by her grief, her husband vainly sought to re-assure her, when a gentle tap at the door produced a temporary diversion of feeling. A rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little girl of ten years old, appeared with a neat basket on her arm.

"Mother's compliments to Mrs. Minton, and as she has just moved in, she thought a few fresh eggs and a pound of butter might be very acceptable."

There was something so novel in this to one entirely unaccustomed to the freedom and social kindness of country life, that Lizzie stood for a moment quite at a loss what to reply. But Mr. Minton, who retained many pleasant recollections of a boyhood spent upon a farm, came forward with a smile, and taking the basket from the blushing child, said pleasantly :

"We are, indeed, very much obliged to your mother, my little girl. Freshly churned butter and new laid eggs are great luxuries. But will

you not walk in and rest yourself for a little while, while you tell us your mother's name and where she lives?"

"I am not tired, thank you, sir. We live in the brown cottage near the great elm tree. You can see it from the door. My mother's name is Mrs. Wilmot."

"And your name, my child, is—?"

"Lucy, sir, Lucy Wilmot," and the little maiden dropped a curtsy as gracefully as if she had received the instructions of the best French dancing master.

"Well, Lucy, I hope we shall be good neighbors," said Mr. Minton. "I have two little girls who will be nice playmates for you."

"Thank you, sir," replied the child, and with a look of admiration at the pretty lady, and a glance of wonder at the furniture, most of which had been brought from the city residence, and appeared to her far superior to anything she had ever seen, she took her empty basket upon her arm, and walked swiftly away.

"A fine little girl," observed Mr. Minton, as he turned from looking after her. "And how pleasant it is to have kind neighbors, Lizzie. I shall feel much easier about you during my absence."

"I will have no neighbors, Henry. I resolved upon that before we removed to the country. I have heard and read of the gossiping neighbors of a country village, and that is enough for me. I have no desire for personal information."

"But surely Lizzie, you will encourage and return any marks of kindly feeling which may be shown toward you. I thought you enjoyed social intercourse with those around you."

"Certainly, when they are of a congenial nature, but not with such persons as we are likely to meet with in this neighborhood. I am sorry that we are already under an obligation to Mrs. Wilmot. I am not at all desirous of receiving favors of this kind. Probably they will soon invite me to a quilting party, or a husking frolic."

"Which invitation I trust you will accept," laughingly responded her husband. "It will be a novel amusement for you. But seriously, Lizzie, you must put away these prejudices. They are for the greater part the result of education and habit, and are quite unfounded. Associate freely with those around you. Do good and receive good, and the days of my absence will be shortened."

Lizzie shook her head mournfully, but made no reply, for at this moment her two little girls ran merrily into the room, eager to show some new treasure which they had found in their morning ramble.

"And, O, mother," exclaimed Mary, the eldest, "such a good old lady asked us into her cottage, and gave us such delicious milk to drink and a slice of her own home-made bread."

"We were so hungry," continued little Ellen, "and the bread was so good. I wish you had been there, mother."

Mr. Minton laughed heartily as he caught the expression of his wife's countenance, as she listened to the eager children.

"It was no harm, Lizzie, dear," he whispered. "It is the most common thing in the world in the country, to make acquaintance with little children."

"Did you tell the good old lady your name, Mary?" he asked, as his daughter gazed in his face, somewhat perplexed as to the cause of his merriment.

"O yes, father. She asked us our names, and all about you and mother; and we told her that you are going away, and she said she was very sorry, because mother would be so very lonely."

"And she said," interrupted Ellen, "that she would come and see you, and try to cheer you up."

"Just as I told you," observed Mrs. Minton to her husband, with a somewhat contemptuous expression of countenance. "The people around us are a vulgar, ignorant set, full of impertinent curiosity, and disposed to meddle with everybody's affairs. I am determined to have no neighbors, and I must lay down rules for the children."

"You will find it a difficult matter to prevent their forming the acquaintance of the neighborhood, and if you will be guided by my advice, you will not only allow them great freedom in this respect, but you will follow their example yourself."

Another shake of the head, and the conversation dropped. A few more days passed swiftly away, and then the husband and father bade a long farewell to his earthly treasures. It was a sad parting, but the prospect of a brighter future was before him, and struggling manfully with his feelings, he went forth to encounter toil and hardship for those he had left behind. But there was comfort in this, for the very thought that it was for their sakes he labored, reconciled him in a degree to the separation. But his wife, without the stimulus of constant exertion, and change of scene, sank into a state of utter despondency, from which for a time it seemed impossible to arouse her. By degrees, however, she became more reconciled to her situation, and interested herself in the care and education of her children,

and in the superintendence of the domestic labors of an inexperienced but honest girl, who had been persuaded to try the country with them.

"An' indeed, ma'am, an' it is a pretty place, an' far better for ye while the master is far away. The young ladies, bless their swate faces, are getting a fine color in their cheeks. If you would but comfort your heart a little, ma'am, and have a few of the neighbors to visit you. It does any one a world of good to have some one to speak to when they are in trouble."

"I have you and the children, my good Jenny," returned her mistress, "and that is quite sufficient. I have no wish to become acquainted with the neighbors."

"But, if I may make so free, ma'am, it seems strange like to know no one around us. They are good, kind people, ma'am, and many a one asks for you when I go to the village."

"I am much obliged to them, Jenny, but I am better contented without their society. The minister has called twice, and that will answer for visitors."

"I wish he had a wife," muttered Jenny to herself, as she busied herself with her usual employments. "If I could only persuade my mistress to have some of the ladies to visit her a bit, I am sure she would be the better for it."

But there seemed little prospect that Jenny's wishes would be realized. Several ladies had called, to be sure, but they were received with such cold politeness, that the attempt at an acquaintance had not been repeated.

The little girls, in spite of rules laid down to them, occasionally formed friendships with some of the bright-eyed children of the village, but the parents, rightly judging that this was undesired by the mother, gave no encouragement to these intimacies, and they soon dropped off.

Lucy Wilnot still smiled kindly and curtsied gracefully when she saw Mrs. Minton in the garden, to which her walks were generally confined, and the lady had so far relented, as to ask her to walk in and look at her flowers on one occasion; but this act of favor being immediately followed by a call from Mrs. Wilnot herself, Lizzie was alarmed at the prospect of having a neighbor, and resumed her usual coldness of manner.

And thus three months passed away with little to vary the monotony of every-day life, save an occasional letter from Mr. Minton, telling of good health and increasing prosperity, and begging his wife to be cheerful and happy, for a year would not elapse before his return.

In one of these letters he expressed the hope

that his wife had relinquished her prejudice against country neighbors, and had found many true friends. Lizzie smiled as she read this passage, and in her reply assured her husband that their two darlings were company enough for her, and faithful Jenny was all the friend she desired until his return.

But she had yet to learn that there are times when our dependence upon our fellow-beings must be felt and acknowledged. During the latter part of the summer it had been unusually sickly among children, and at length her little Ellen became alarmingly ill. Unwearied was the mother's care and attention. Day and night she watched over her with that devoted tenderness which only a mother's heart can feel. But her own health was delicate, and she was little accustomed to endure constant anxiety and fatigue. The very day that her child was pronounced out of danger, her too severely taxed strength could endure no more, and in a state of insensibility she was carried to her own room and laid upon the bed. Recovering from the fainting fit, she made an ineffectual attempt to rise and return to her child, but it was in vain, and weak and helpless as an infant, she sank back upon her pillow.

The worthy physician in attendance strongly urged the necessity of perfect quiet and freedom from anxiety, but Lizzie replied only by her tears which she could not restrain; for how could she desert her little one at this critical moment, and who could be forced to fill her place!

The doctor answered her burst of feeling with kindly sympathy.

"I know it is a hard case, my dear lady, but we must do the best we can. I must find a nurse for you, if one is to be had. They are scarce and in great demand at present. But where are your neighbors? Let them come and assist you."

"I have no neighbors," sobbed the distressed mother, as she made another vain effort to rise. "And what will become of my poor Ellen in her present feeble state! Jenny has too much care already. If I may not go to her, let her be brought and laid by my side. I can at least watch over her and direct what shall be done for her comfort."

The doctor consented to this arrangement, judging that the agitation caused by separation from the child would be more injurious to Mrs. Minton than her presence could be.

Little Ellen was carefully brought from the adjacent room and laid by her exhausted mother, and then with strict injunctions to Jenny to keep both of her patients as quiet as possible, Dr. Lorimer left the cottage.

"Something must be done, that is certain," he murmured to himself, as he mounted the patient horse which awaited him at the gate. "I do not believe a nurse is to be had for love or for money. No neighbors in a country village! What an absurdity! And yet she seems to be an intelligent, fine woman, and very pretty withal. She ought not to want for friends. I will call upon Miss Nancy, and ask her advice."

Miss Nancy was a sort of oracle in the little village. A maiden lady, as her title implies, she still retained sufficient youth and beauty to have attracted many a suitor; but it was generally understood that the day for this had gone by; there had been deep heart griefs in early youth, and that fountain-must now remain untouched. At thirty-five, Miss Nancy was regarded as a general blessing in which all might claim a share. The affectionate sympathy with which she entered into the joys and sorrows of those around her, and her unselfish disregard of her own personal comfort, if she could minister to the wants of others, pointed her out to Dr. Lorimer as a suitable person to consult in this emergency, and in a few moments he stood in her little parlor.

His errand was soon told, and as he expected, Miss Nancy's heart at once responded to the call. To be sure she had been coldly received in a former call upon Mrs. Minton, but that was not to be thought of now that they were in trouble. She rejoiced that her own affairs were at present so arranged that she could devote herself to her suffering neighbor, and assured the doctor that she would be there in the course of half an hour.

Much relieved, the worthy doctor took leave, mentally blessing the kind heart of Miss Nancy; and within the allotted half hour the faithful but sorely perplexed Jenny was gladdened by the appearance of her able assistant.

Even in the short period of the doctor's absence, things had changed for the worse. Mrs. Minton was in a high fever, and already slightly delirious. She took little notice of Miss Nancy's presence, but allowed her to do whatever she thought most likely to give her relief, without opposition.

Doctor Lorimer shook his head gravely when he again stood by the patient's bedside.

"The symptoms are unfavorable," he said, aside to Miss Nancy. "I fear it will be impossible to prevent a regular course of fever. It would be far better to have the child in another room."

"I know that it would, but I feared exciting the poor mother by proposing it. A crib might

be placed in this room for the present," replied Miss Nancy.

"That will be better than to have her in the bed, but in her present condition, she requires very different treatment from the mother, and it would be better to separate them entirely. I will propose it myself."

The arrangement was carried into effect with less difficulty than they anticipated. A poor woman in the neighborhood that was well acquainted with the duties of a nurse, was engaged to aid Miss Nancy in the care of the sick, while Jenny returned to her own department, to which was now added the entire charge of the eldest little girl.

For the next ten days Miss Nancy watched with the most tender interest over both mother and child. Little Ellen she had the happiness to see daily improving, and the gentle sweetness with which she suffered strangers to take the place of her sick mother, while at the same time she manifested how much she desired that mother's care, endeared her exceedingly to her kind attendants.

With Mrs. Minton the fever was now abating, but the extreme debility to which she was reduced, called for continued care and attention, and as the child could now with safety be left with others, Miss Nancy devoted herself almost wholly to the mother.

The invalid had evidently no recollection of ever having seen her before, and supposed that she had been employed by the doctor, to attend upon her. Miss Nancy encouraged the idea, thinking that she would feel more freedom in calling upon her as a nurse if she believed it to be her regular occupation. Day after day now gave evidence of returning health and strength, and her mind also began to regain its usual tone. A letter was written at her request to her husband, informing him of the events of the last few weeks, and this duty performed, her thoughts turned with awakening interest to her children.

"May I not see my darlings once more?" she asked, as the physician took her hand on his morning call, and pronounced her pulse to be almost as good as his own.

"Why, yes, I suppose we must let you see them now, if you will promise to be quite calm, and feel neither joy nor grief when they are brought to you."

"Do not require impossibilities," she replied, smiling faintly. "I will promise to be very calm and quiet. My kind nurse tells me that my poor little Ellen is a different child from what she was when I left her."

"She is, indeed, thanks to good nursing," an-

swered the doctor, "and, as to her rosy-cheeked sister, she is as full of mischief as ever. She followed me to the door just now, and is, I presume, waiting outside for my re-appearance."

The door was opened and little Mary appeared. For a moment she endeavored to obey the instructions she had received, to speak very softly and not agitate her mother, but the effort required more self-control than she possessed, and in another instant she had flung her arms around her mother's neck, almost sobbing with joy as she exclaimed:

"O, my own dear mother, I am so glad to see you. I begged to come very often, but the doctor and Miss Nancy said it would hurt you, so I tried to be good and patient, and I have helped Jenny a great deal. Miss Nancy says I shall soon be a nice little housekeeper."

"And who is Miss Nancy, darling?" asked Mrs. Minton, as she imprinted many a kiss upon the little girl's forehead.

"Why, mother, this is Miss Nancy," replied Mary, pointing toward the supposed nurse, as she spoke. "She has taken care of you all the time."

"She has indeed, dear, but I did not know her name until now. It is a blessing to have a good nurse."

Mary was about replying, but the doctor interfered, and telling her that she should see her mother again the next day, led her gently away. Little Ellen was then laid for a few moments by her mother's side. More quiet in her disposition than her sister, her love displayed itself in more gentle ways, but her earnest look and loving smile showed that it was not less deeply felt.

Another week wore away and Miss Nancy was still regarded only as an attentive nurse whose services were to be recompensed in the usual manner. But other calls now demanded her attention, and as Mrs. Minton was gaining rapidly, the friendly neighbor felt that she must relinquish her charge.

"O do not leave me so soon," exclaimed the still feeble invalid. "Surely I have the first claim upon you, and I will gladly pay you your own price."

"I want no recompense save your friendship, and the pleasure I feel at having been useful to you," replied Miss Nancy, with a smile. "I am not a professed nurse, as you suppose, but only one of your neighbors who has been glad to aid you in the hour of need."

"One of my neighbors!" was the astonished reply. "And you have watched over my child and myself for weeks, as unweariedly as the most faithful nurse."

"And why not, my dear lady? Surely, there may be good neighbors as well as good nurses. We are made to be mediums of good to one another. My services have been freely given, and I regret that I must now leave you, but the woman who has assisted me will still remain, and your own Jenny is quite a treasure."

"But none can be to me what you have been, my good neighbor, since that is the name by which I am to call you," replied Mrs. Minton, with emotion. "Nevertheless, I am not so selfish as to wish to detain you. But tell me, have I ever seen you before you became my nurse? I have now a confused recollection of your having once called to see me."

"I did so," answered Miss Nancy, "during the first month of your removal here. My name will perhaps set you right. The neighbors take pleasure in addressing me as Miss Nancy, but my last name is Freeman."

"Ah yes, I recollect your call more distinctly, now. It was a day or two after my husband left me, and I felt little interest in anybody or anything. I presume I received you coldly."

"Somewhat so, I must acknowledge, but I could make allowance for your troubled state of mind. Do not think of it again."

But Lizzie did think, and with a feeling of shame, as she recalled her strong prejudices against her country neighbors, and felt how entirely dependent she had become upon their kindness.

This feeling was rather increased than lessened after the departure of her nurse. Many were the friendly countenances that beamed with kindness in her sick room, and numerous the little attentions to herself and little Ellen. Almost every day a worthy farmer in the neighborhood called to give the little one a ride, always assuring the mother that there was nothing like the fresh air to bring back the roses, and as his old fashioned chaise was remarkably easy, he hoped she would soon feel like trying it herself. And often—very often came a gentle tap at the door, and sweet Lucy Wilmot appeared with her basket, containing some delicacy to tempt the appetite of the invalid, and plenty of apples and doughnuts for the children, "because mother was sure that Jenny had no time for such things." And then good Mrs. Wilmot, with her cap and apron as white as snow, would occasionally run in herself, just to see if all was going on right, and to beg Jenny to be sure that Miss Ellen's apple was roasted before she gave it to her.

It would have been strange if the really warm-hearted Lizzie could have withstood all this kindness. She was now fully conscious of the

blessing of good neighbors, and as she regained her strength, gladly received and returned their frequent visits. Particularly did she delight in the society of Miss Nancy, who warmly returned her affection, and seldom allowed a day to elapse without at least a short call at the pleasant cottage.

Autumn has succeeded summer and winter was now fast taking the place of autumn. Social parties of every description had been given, and Mrs. Minton had occasionally yielded to the solicitations of those around her, and joined in the general merriment. Accounts from her husband continued favorable, but his return was still uncertain, and hope deferred sometimes made the heart sick. She struggled against this feeling of depression, however, and in the education of her children, and in giving and receiving good, found cheerfulness and contentment.

"And when are we to have a party, ma'am?" inquired Jenny, as her mistress mentioned an invitation she had received from one of the neighbors.

"We have a party, Jenny! I have not thought of such a thing."

"But sure ye will think of it. Four invitations ye have accepted, and now comes our own turn."

"There is some truth in your reasoning, Jenny," replied Mrs. Minton, smiling, "and perhaps I will ask a few friends next week."

"Not a few, ma'am, when so many have been kind to us. The house will hold them all. The young ladies will soon have finished their patch-work, and then we may have a fine quilting."

Lizzie laughed outright at the idea of a quilting frolic in her house, but the children clapped their hands with delight, and begged mama so earnestly to consent, that at length she began to think that the plan was rather a novel and pleasing one after all, and after a little consultation with Miss Nancy, gave her consent, and in due time sent her invitations and made her preparations.

It must be confessed that visions of by-gone days came with great distinctness to Mrs. Minton's mind, as she surveyed the supper-table, which in compliance with the general custom was crowded with a most unfashionable abundance and variety, and she almost doubted her own identity, as she welcomed one after another of her guests.

Miss Nancy had superintended the whole arrangements for the quilting, and the little girls saw with wonder and admiration the ease and celerity with which their pretty patch-work was converted into a quilt.

The work completed, play began. The old fiddler who was employed by the whole village, had been duly summoned, the large, old-fashioned kitchen was just the place for dancing. Every one seemed full of life and spirits, and Lizzie could not but acknowledge that if some of the charms of high-bred life were wanting, there was more real enjoyment at her quilting party than she had ever seen at her city entertainments.

The hour for supper had nearly arrived, but another cotillon was called for, and with a bow and a smile, Dr. Lorimer begged the honor of Mrs. Minton's hand for the occasion, upbraiding her at the same time with remaining a quiet spectator of the happiness of other people.

"I enjoy it myself as much as any one, I can assure you, doctor," was the laughing reply, "but you must excuse me from dancing. My little Mary here may take my place."

"I have danced with my little pet twice already, and once with her sister, and now I am justly entitled to dance with their mother. You will not withhold my just dues."

"Not willingly, but nevertheless I must decline dancing this evening. The absence of my husband is sufficient excuse."

"If you have no other reason for refusing to dance, Lizzie, we will head the next cotillon," said a well-known voice at her side.

With a faint scream, Lizzie turned hastily around and threw herself into the arms of her husband, while the two little girls with shouts of delight clung around him, claiming their share of attention.

Mr. Minton had arranged his business sooner than he had expected, and hastened to return to his family from whom he had been so long separated. He had not apprized his wife of his intentions, lest she should be anxious for his safety during a somewhat dangerous journey at this inclement season. On arriving in the village at a late hour in the evening, he hastily directed his steps towards his own house, and was surprised to find it brilliantly lighted up, and to hear the sound of the violin as he approached. Gently opening the door, he entered the kitchen unobserved, just as the doctor was urging his wife to join the dance.

The music ceased and the company stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the scene before them, but in an instant, a whisper of explanation passed from one to another, and a universal murmur of sympathy was heard.

"Our good neighbors will excuse us, Lizzie," said Mr. Minton, gaily, as he released his wife and children from his arms; "and the doctor will forgive me for proposing myself as his sub-

stitute in the dance. I am delighted to find so merry a party to welcome me, and if you will allow my travelling dress and boots to pass unnoticed, we will take our places at once."

In another moment the music struck up—the happy but almost bewildered Lizzie was led by her husband to the head of the dance; smiling, Dr. Lorimer followed with little Mary; other couples rapidly took their places, and all went on as if nothing had happened.

Then came the supper, and mirth and good humor prevailed. Only one slight accident occurred, and that seemed rather to increase the general merriment. Jenny, who had not been apprised of Mr. Minton's arrival, let fall a waiter of lemonade glasses, as she saw him lead her mistress into the supper-room, and at first almost inclined to believe it an apparition, but was at length recalled to her senses, and greeted him with a hearty welcome.

"And you have really given up your resolution to have 'no neighbors,' Lizzie," said her husband, after a long conversation upon the events of the past year.

"I have, indeed, Henry," was the reply, "for I have learned by sad experience, our dependence upon those around us. I have often thought of your advice that I should mingle with my neighbors, and endeavor to give and receive good, but I little thought that I should give you so convincing a proof of my reformation, as to welcome you home to a quilting party."

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR:
—OR,—
WHY SIMON LOVELACE WAS NEVER MARRIED.

~~~~~  
BY FRANCES M. CHESEBORO'.  
~~~~~

DEAR reader, it is a long story and a painful one, and only after an interval of twenty years of hard contest with the dry details of this working-day world, have I sufficiently benumbed the sensibilities of my too susceptible heart, so that I can bring the past before me, "*vis à-vis*," and feel the courage to confront it. With all my process of hardening, the dust of the warehouse, with its heavy bales of cotton, cannot wholly smother the sparks of romance and love, that gleamed like the delicate tissues of a pleasant dream, through the first years of opening manhood. But the horrid nightmare that followed on this delicious dreaming, has filled my latter days with ghostly shadows and visions.

I will not, however, linger on the outskirts of this land of joys and mortifications. It is a fact in the moral history of things, that dire humiliation follows swiftly on the heels of mental or poetical exaltation; and my poor tale will add another striking testimony to the great law of human actions that runs like a silken thread through all our lives.

I shall pass over the first years of my life. It has nothing to do with you, reader, and you much less with it. In fact, my own history seems to have lost itself in the one great event of my life. This was the crisis that swallowed up all minor events, and it is with difficulty I am forced to believe I had an existence previous to the time to which I allude, and even more strongly do I doubt my personality since.

It is a wonder to me—as it would be to you did you know the susceptibility of my affections—that at the age of thirty I found myself unmarried, and with scanty prospects in that direction. The truth must be told, mortifying as it is, that I am by nature as fickle as the winds of heaven, and never had I been able to choose from among the many pretty faces and graceful forms upon which for ten years I danced attendance, one, upon whom I could rest my wavering affections.

The dear creatures! how lovely they seem to me now, as seen through the glass of memory, with their sunny eyes and golden ringlets! This one grand weakness in my character proved my ruin, as you will see.

I was at the age of thirty—if you will trust the vanity of an old man's tale—the possessor of many valuable requisitions, in the shape of for-

tune, good breeding, and agreeable person. I had always been so successful in winning the hearts of the fair ones, that I grew vain of my power, and never dreamed but at the last moment, when fate should compel me to wed, that from the crowds about me I should but have to select the one to make me blessed. In this respect I was right. My punishment came not through want of fidelity in woman,—faithful creature that she is,—but from my own fickleness.

Like a summer bee, floating in a choice garden, I had flown hither and thither, "kissing each flower that was pretty and sweet," until I had lost the power—if any I ever possessed, which I very much doubt—of concentrating my affections on any object, for any length of time.

On leaving college, I espoused with considerable zeal a profession, it matters not which. Suffice it, that it gave me admittance into the best circles of the small city in the valley of the Connecticut where I considered myself too happy to be located. I was not a "fast young man," never took pleasure in the dissipations of my comrades, but sought my happiness in my profession, my looks, and the society of women. Consequently I left the hotel soon after my debut into the fine old town, and took private lodgings with a widow lady, in a retired location. Having secured a favorable office-room on the main street, I found the retirement of my little back parlor, looking into a pleasant field, stretching green and beautiful to the river beyond, a most agreeable change.

Among the many families in which I was soon domesticated, was one that presented attractions over all the others, from the fact that here were offered more objects of interest, no less than the presence of three lovely daughters; each one of them possessing charms that would have riveted my attention in anybody. What was still more delightful, each had a distinct gift, superior to her sisters, and perfect in its own direction.

Lucinda, the eldest, was strikingly beautiful. Rarely had I seen such a combination of charms, comprising regularity of features with grace of person. When she moved about the room, I watched her with a palpitating heart. She seemed like a queen in her majesty, moving with native grace among her willing subjects. When she bent upon me the light of her dark eyes, or inclined her head with its wreath of raven ringlets, I involuntarily shaded my eyes to bar out a portion of the brilliancy that flooded in upon my senses.

It horrifies me now, looking back upon those foolish but blissful days, to recall the extrava-

gant compliments that escaped my lips, whenever I could catch an opportunity of revealing my adoration for her. I dread to think what inadvertencies this homage to Lucinda's charms would have led me into, had it not been for the counteracting influence of the two younger sisters. For a time they acted as the equalizing power, although, as the sequel of my tale will prove, they had no efficacy to shield me from the final disgrace.

Kate, the second daughter, possessed no fortunate charm of beauty, but to her had been given the higher gift of music. When as an accompaniment to her rich voice, she touched with delicate fingers the strings of her harp, or ran lightly over the notes of the piano forte, I felt the room and all visible objects swimming before my vision. On the sweet breath of song I was wafted from this terrestrial globe, and held communion with angels inspired with the melody of song.

I am passionately fond of music, and never before or since, though an old man now, and out of the region of romance, I say it—never have such strains fell upon my ears, as gushed from the lips of Kate. When with her I forgot the majestic beauty of Lucinda—in fact, I forgot everything, heaven and earth, and lived only for the time being in the presence of my inimitable songstress.

Was ever poor man in such a dilemma? You may be assured, reader, if you will trust to the experience of fifty years, that a man who lives till the age of thirty without allowing his affections to rest upon some woman's heart, will assuredly make a magnificent blunder—in plain words, make a fool of himself—to his own terrible humiliation, and the infinite amusement of that portion of the world denominated the fair sex, in the bestowal of his hand and heart. Not but he will arrive at the goal of matrimony at last, and find himself, mayhap, safely ensconced with the best of woman-kind for his companion; but he does not enter it gracefully, like a new light bark gliding towards its port, bounding with grace and beauty to its landing; but like a weather-stained hulk, beating and battling with the waves, rising and falling with the billows, driven desperately at last into the friendly port, with the vain show of independence written in its creaking timbers, but in fact claiming assistance and extorting pity.

As I have said, was ever poor man in such a dilemma? Nor was that all, for still another angelic being waited to claim the homage that had been so generously lavished upon her two sisters.

Lucia, the youngest of the three, was neither pretty nor musical; but O, so—I had said sensible, but now at fifty I waive the expression, and say—poetical. Yes, she was a poet in more senses than one, gifted as her sex rarely are with the “faculty divine.” The moonlight was her forte, and my danger—for with the stars gleaming down on us, and Lucia’s upturned eyes glowing with the fire of genius, pleadingly turned now to the heavens, and then into my face. Ah! what perils lay in this path for me, an ardent admirer of the muses.

Here were three great and terrible temptations—beauty, song and poetry—all striving to gain ascendancy. I flattered myself in me they were all united, but as if to tantalize me, and test my constancy, they took three different forms.

My days were spent in neglect of my profession, in idle dreamings and impatient longings for the evening hour that was spent in the presence of my three divinities. First I thought it was Lucinda that charmed me most; then the remembrance of the harp-string, touched by an almost magic hand, held me captive; and again I fancied that Lucia claimed more of my homage. Be as it may, I was in a confused and trying condition. Should any of my male readers doubt this assertion, take for one hour my susceptible nature, and my position along with it. If they, after an interval of twenty years, survive to tell their story, then, and not till then, sneer at the misfortunes of an old bachelor.

There came a time at last when matters verged to a crisis. Providence evidently saw my peril, and hastened to my relief. But O, what trials did I pass through ere my purification was complete! Surely was I tried in a furnace of affliction. It is past, thank Heaven! and I am safe. Conjuring up the past, had almost made me forget that I was removed from the scene of my torture; but the sense of relief that comes to me now, convinces me that the storm has passed over, and although it has left me a scathed old trunk, yet the lightning is not now seething my tendrils, or rending asunder my branches; nor is the thunder booming over my head—again I breathe freely, and thank Heaven!

It was on one of the finest evenings in September, just before the sun had set behind the western hills, that being in an unusually pensive mood, I conceived the idea of taking a drive about the suburbs of the town, with one of my three idols, leaving it to circumstances to say which; I had no power of deciding. As I drove up to the gate, I caught a glimpse of Lucinda

passing through the hall; and more than ever impressed with her beauty and grace, I extended to her the invitation. Shortly was she seated by my side, and we were dashing through the town with delightful, exhilarating speed.

As the sun sank out of sight, it left a reflection of its crimson and gold in the beautiful river, upon whose banks we soon found ourselves. Everything in nature seemed to conspire for my ruin on this lovely night. With painful distinctness do I remember each word spoken, every bird that sang; even the persons we met come before me now with vividness.

Lucinda was unusually thoughtful. I caught the infection, and gradually our conversation turned to subjects of exciting interest. For the first time it flashed into my bewildered mind that Lucinda was in love with me. The truth is, I had been so completely overpowered by my state of feeling for each of the three, that I had hardly thought whether or not they in turn were conceiving for me a hopeless attachment. Now I had little reason to doubt the fact as regarded my companion, and forgetting every other claim, I poured into her delighted ear the history of my own love. We returned affianced lovers.

That drive home was one of the most delicious dreams of my life. I partially awoke from it by finding ourselves before the well-known gate, and hearing the voice of Kate singing an accompaniment to her harp. I dismissed the carriage at the door, and passed into the parlor. Lucinda went directly to her room, to calm the agitation of her feelings, and I was left alone with Kate.

The moonlight fell upon the carpet, and threw a shadowy veil over the fair being before me. I was in a delicious “world of lover’s dreams,” with sensibilities awake to all romantic influences, especially to moonlight and music. I sat down by Kate, and listened to her bewitching songs. She saw I was in a sentimental mood, and the inspiration passed from me into her soul. So she sang song after song of the most impassioned melodies, with fitting words. At last the excitement of her feelings gave way, and as she bowed her head upon her harp, I could see the tears glistening in her soft eyes.

What could I do? What could any man have done? Ah! I forgot my plighted vows, and only knew that I was in the presence of melody and love. Down on my knees I went in a rapture of delicious emotions, and more passionately did I plead my love than before. I came to my senses just as the responsive “yes” was being faintly whispered into my ear, and to feel the twining of a soft arm about my neck.

I caught my hat and rushed from the room. As I was dashing past the arbor, I heard the low voice of some one inside, screened from my sight by the lattice work and flowering vines. Stopping to take breath—don't believe any other impulse led me to the act—I soon ascertained that the reader was Lucia. She was reciting a poem, written from her own heart, and dedicated to me. Heavens! where is the man so free from vanity, heathen or Christian, but would have lost his senses in such a scene. I was soon by her side. She again read over to me the song, which I transcribe to you, reader, as the only apology I can make for the enthusiasm of my feelings, and to prepare you to judge lightly of the third act of indiscretion I was to commit:

I sleep and dream of thee, love,
I sleep and dream of thee;
In the silvery light of the pale moonlight,
I sleep but to dream of thee.

I wake and think of thee, love,
I wake and think of thee;
The breath of thy love is around and above,
I wake but to think of thee.

I live but in thy smile, love,
I live but in thy smile;
Sparkling bright in thine eyes' mild light,
I live but to see thee smile.

Do not ask me if I resisted this last and more terrible than all temptations. The stars looked down calmly upon us; the moonlight made shadows on the grass at our feet, and Lucia's eye was upturned to mine in winning grace. Yes, a third time for one day, I gave away my heart, hand and fortune, and inwardly groaned that I had so little to give. What was it in exchange for what I had received!

The village clock striking the hour of eleven, brought me upon my feet, and with a confused brain I started for my lodgings. My senses were so benumbed by the incidents of the past evening, that I soon fell into a heavy sleep. Through my dreams flitting forms of beauty, and soft strains of music stole into my unbroken slumbers; then, as my sleep grew near to waking my lovely forms turned to vipers, and winding themselves about my limbs and neck, spit upon me their venom, and choked my breath.

I was at last relieved of my torture by a loud knock at my bedroom door, and the coarse voice of my landlady screamed:

"What upon earth ails you, Mr. Lovelace? Your groans are too hideous to be borne! Are you alive or dead? Your coffee and eggs are cold, and your boots have been blacked this hour."

I sprang from my bed; I came out of my

sleep with senses as clear as the fresh air that came into my open window. Everything that had transpired on the previous day came before me with awful distinctness. I tore about my room like a madman. O, groaned I, O that I was a disciple of Mahomet, so that I could marry all these lovely nymphs! What could bring me out of this dilemma?

I imagined each of my three affianced coming down to breakfast, with pale cheeks, and their secret trembling upon their lips; and again, in the evening hour, when the family were gathered, and each in turn should blushing announce their happiness to their parents! I could get no further. I should be absolutely mad if I allowed myself to picture another scene. I rang the bell violently. My landlady appeared. I imperiously demanded my bill.

"What is the matter, Mr. Lovelace? For Heaven's sake! have you gone mad? What are you going to do, and *where* are you going?"

"No matter, Mrs. Jones!" I thundered out.

Her hand was on the latch; she declared she would call in a neighbor, fully impressed that I had become insane, and humanely wishing to secure me from suicide.

"Mrs. Jones," I again repeated in a milder voice, "I am going away. Business of importance demands it. Will you please remove your hand from the latch, and do my bidding?"

The calmness of my voice reassured her. I paid my bill, leaving in her hand, that trembled with fright and astonishment, an extra ten dollars, caught my portmanteau, and rushed out of the house. As I was passing through the gate, the good woman's curiosity could not prevent her from venturing one more question:

"Pray, Mr. Lovelace, where shall I direct people who call for you?"

"To Lucifer!" I muttered, my anger and delirium coming on again, as the thought of what I was leaving came forcibly upon me. Believe me, reader, there was a painful truth in the savage oath upon my lips—for in the agony of my remorse, I verily believed that did I not go out to meet this dreadful adversary of my peace, he would surely overtake me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, claim me as his companion in his travels throughout this world.

The coach for the metropolis rolled past me. I swung my hat to arrest the driver's attention, and took passage. For a year I wandered everywhere, never resting. I visited foreign ports, but found little satisfaction or peace of mind. On returning to my country, the first paper I looked into conveyed the startling intelligence of the death of Lucia H—.

The tears are falling thick and fast ; they fall from the eyes of an old man ; they blind my paper. Memory sweeps over me with its old magic power. Ledgers and ware-rooms all pass on, far out of sight, and before my vision comes the green banks of the Connecticut, the rustling of the wind in the pines, and the song of the robin, and in this train comes flitting past me, beauty, grace and poetry. All with enthralling power attract my heart.

O, Lucia, was it heartless coquetry that sapped thy young life ? No—I repel the thought ! I loved her—but I loved them all. My fickleness was my ruin and their sorrow. These recollections have changed me into a boy again. The busy tide of life rolling past my window dissipates my dream ; I am an old,—O, painful thought,—an old bachelor !

THE BANKER'S SAFE.

~~~~~  
BY FRANCIS A. DURIYAGE.  
~~~~~

A DARK and stormy night in the gloomy month of November closed over the great city of London, that wondrous microcosm, and wrapped alike palace and hovel, park and square, temple and warehouse, in its heavy folds. The awnings flapped and rattled in the blast, the swinging signs creaked upon their irons, the trees in the open squares groaned in the surging breeze, and the flaring street-lamps were reflected in wavering lines in the pools of water that collected fast beneath the rain that descended in sheets rather than in drops.

In a wretchedly furnished chamber in a crazy old tenement that stood by the help of abutting buildings, in one of those narrow streets that run at right angles with the Thames, sat a wan, wasted old man, in a leathern-backed arm-chair, cowering over the pale and struggling flames of a scanty sea-coal fire. A candle burned dimly on a light-stand by his side, and thereon an empty phial, a spoon and a cup, still savoring of some nauseous mixture, indicated, together with the aspect of the shivering old man, that he was a confirmed invalid.

A counterpane and blanket spread upon the floor, a cot-bed, two or three chairs, some cooking utensils, a rack containing an incomplete set of locksmith's tools, composed the entire furniture of the wretched room. Within the forlorn

apartment all was silent and melancholy; but, mingling with the dash of the rain on the window, and the roar of the storm without, rose the hoarse tones of a rough bacchanalian chorus and the jingling of cans and glasses that proceeded from a party of revellers in the room without.

The clock of a neighboring church tower struck the hour of twelve. As the vibrations were dying on the air, the door of the room opened, and a faint smile lit up the countenance of the invalid, as his eyes rested on the face of a young man of twenty-five, a handsome frank face, though traces of care and illness were stamped upon the features.

The new-comer wore his left arm in a sling. He tossed aside his dripping felt hat and a rough frieze coat that he wore as a cloak buttoned round his throat, and advanced to the fireplace.

"My dear father," he said, in an anxious tone. "How do you feel now?"

"Much as usual, Frank," replied the invalid. "Life within me is like yonder flame—it burns low, with an occasional flicker, but there is little warmth in it."

"You will be better by-and-by, sir. Has the doctor been?"

"Yes, he came here about an hour since."

"God bless him for his care of you! Did he leave anything?"

"He had no medicine with him, Frank," replied the old man. "But he left this prescription," and the invalid pointed to a scrap of paper lying on the table. "He was very anxious I should take this to-night. But it is too stormy for you to go out again, Frank—I dare say it will do quite as well to-morrow."

"I care not for the storm," answered Frank Bedford, with an expression of pain and trouble, "but—"

He left the sentence incomplete, and rising, paced the room to and fro, with irregular and irresolute steps.

"Hullo! what's the matter, Frank?" said a rough voice—and a burly, ill-favored personage made his way into the room. He was a young man, but dissipation had done the work of years upon his face. There were lines upon his brow and at the corners of his face, which was deadly pale, though the eyes were bloodshot, and the lids red and swollen.

"Hush! don't speak so loud, Masters—my father has just sunk into a doze. How came you up so late?"

"Why I lay abed till twelve, you see," answered the new-comer. "And then I've been having a jolly time with the old set below. Why the deuce didn't you join us?"

"You know very well, Jack," replied Bedford, "that I have no taste for such society. Even if your comrades were more reputable, do you think I could enjoy myself, out of employment as I am, with this unfortunate lame arm, and my father requiring so much care?"

"What have you been about to-day?" pursued Masters.

"I've been seeking for work. I can afford to be idle no longer."

"The doctor said you mustn't use your hand."

"I can't help it, necessity says otherwise."

"It was your own fault your arm was injured. It was a mighty Quixotic deed to fling yourself before a pair of fiery horses that were running away, merely because a painted aristocratic doll in the carriage was in danger of having its pretty neck broke."

"I merely obeyed the impulse of my nature," replied Bedford, calmly. "I did my duty and no more. You would have done the same."

"Not I," replied Masters, with a sneering laugh. "I should have stood back and let the horses run. It would have been but one aristocrat less in the world. But you were always a sort of gentleman in your feelings. Quite above your fellows. It was like you, too, never to answer that advertisement in the Times, which stated that if the person who saved the life of a young lady in such a street on such a day, would address X. Y. Z. he would hear of something to his advantage."

"I scorned to accept a reward for a service I could not help rendering. Besides I was amply paid by the smiles and the thanks of that beautiful girl I bore in my arms from the wreck of the carriage. I could not appear before her as a mercenary claimant for reward."

"Ay—and so, rather than ask for what the parties would have been glad to give, you have exhausted your little savings, sold your watch and books, and are now, I suppose, reduced to your last ha'penny?"

"By Heaven! you are right, Jack," said Bedford. "I haven't a penny—and here is a prescription the physician has left, and I know not how to procure the means of buying it."

"See what a thing friendship is," said Masters, taking a coin from his waistcoat pocket. "Here's a half crown now. I reckoned on converting it to-morrow into good Hollands. Take it! never say I deserted a friend in distress. There it is."

"You're a good fellow at heart, Jack, I always said it," said Bedford, taking the coin. "And I accept this money with the less reluctance because I am going to put it to a better use than

you designed it for. O, Jack, why can't you leave off that one evil habit?"

"Don't preach, boy," said Masters—"but go and get your doctor's stuff. The old man will want it when he wakes up."

"Fool!" muttered Masters, when the door closed on the young locksmith. "He isn't quite starved to my purpose yet. But misery will bring down his proud scruples. One evil habit, did he say? He forgets I have five senses, all craving for enjoyment. Work! who would work in a city like London, with wealth hoarded up in millions round him, only waiting for the bold heart to snatch it? This key!" he muttered, drawing out a small brass key as he spoke, "must be the passport to golden treasures. The old hunks would keep a pretty round sum in his safe. How strange it should have fallen into the hands of the only man, besides himself and Bedford, who knew it and its value. I suppose I must try the adventure alone. Well—well—the next enterprise I project, he *shall* aid me. That loan of half a crown shall be repaid with interest."

As Masters finished this soliloquy, Bedford returned with the medicine, and thanking him for his kindness, bade him good night. The invalid aroused from his uneasy slumber, and Frank administered the medicine. In a few moments, the effect was perceptible. His eye brightened, his breathing became more regular, he looked more like himself than he had done for many a day.

"Frank," said he, "I am afraid I shall never be able to repay your care."

"My dear father," said the young man, "do not speak thus. Do I not owe everything to you—not only my life—not only the skill to which I owe my daily bread, but the knowledge and the taste that solace my sorrows and lift me above my humbler sphere?"

The old man shook his head.

"Life, my boy," said he, "to such as we are, is a weary burthen; the skill you speak of barely suffices to keep starvation at arm's length; and literature to the helot is but a questionable gift."

"I have not found it so," replied Frank.

"Has it never given you aspirations inconsistent with your lot?"

"It has given me aspirations, father—and hope. Nothing is impossible to the strong heart and hand and cultivated mind. I look on the privations we endure as temporary—I promise myself to bend circumstances to my will."

"May the future prove as bright to you as the past has been dark to me!" replied the invalid. "Hear me, Frank. I was not always

the toiling slave that you have known me. My father was a man of wealth. But all that wealth was destined for my elder brother, and he fondly fancied that he would grace it with the tastes and accomplishments of a gentleman. He was mistaken in his character—all that Rupert Harland lived for was gold—as the event has proved."

"Harland then was the family name?"

"It was. For my part, though I was fond of letters, I did not disdain the mechanic arts. I amused myself with learning the locksmith's trade—and that confirmed my father in his notions that I would never do credit to the family. Still the portion of a younger son was reserved for me. But even that I lost by my own fault. I became enamored of a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of my father's cotters. Despairing of ever gaining his consent, and too impatient to await the slow course of events, I married her. My father's indignation drove me from his doors. I never saw his face again. He died, unforgiving, and left the whole of his property to my brother. I dropped the family name, assumed that we now bear, and came up to London to try my fortune. In this over-crowded mart of intellect and handiwork, success is the result of chance. I was of the many unlucky. My poor wife died in giving you birth. Since then, your life and mine have been a series of continuous struggles for mere existence. I have reached the term of mine; and I could die content, but that I know I leave only a legacy of trouble to you."

"My dear father, be of good cheer," said the young man. "Trust my augury of better days. But have you never made an effort to discover your brother?"

"Never—too well I know the obduracy of his nature. Besides, my pride is equal to his, and I had rather starve than owe existence to his disdainful charity."

Frank Bedford was not the only listener to this tale, at the close of which, father and son retired for the night. Eaves-dropping was one of the amusements of Mr. Jack Masters, and feeling a peculiar interest in the young locksmith, he had, during this revelation, remained with his ear glued to a crack in the old door, retiring discreetly at its close, lest peradventure Mr. Frank Bedford had discovered him, and chastised him for his impertinent curiosity.

"So then," he muttered as he betook himself to his dormitory; "Mr. Frank Bedford is not Mr. Frank Bedford, after all, but Mr. Frank Harland. Harland! now I think of it, that's the name of the banker on whom I propose to operate to-morrow. Well—well—this is a queer

world. Harland! and the silly fools never worked that mine. As-ton-ishing!"

* * * * *

Midday! The dim sunlight found its way through gorgeous curtains into a small apartment, richly and thickly carpeted, on the walls of which hung several old family portraits. On one side was a book-case and writing-desk, on the other, stood in a small recess, an iron safe. There were two doors in this room—the first opening into the entry, the second into another room.

Pale as a ghost, trembling in spite of the copious libations he had taken to inspire courage, there stood in the centre of the floor, no other person than—Jack Masters.

"If this isn't the most daring exploit man ever attempted! To enter a house at noonday! I'm astonished at myself. But desperation works wonders. Here's the safe and here's the key. Aid me, Satan, for one minute, and I'm yours truly forever and a day."

He applied the key to the lock and lifted the lid. It contained apparently, a mass of papers. Opening these carefully, Masters's eye sparkled with lurid light as they rested on a well-filled pocket-book, which he instantly secured. He was proceeding to search further when he heard a footstep in the next room. Hastily closing, and locking the safe, he vanished with his prize through the door which led into the entry.

A moment afterwards, an elderly hard-featured man entered. He drew a repeater from his pocket, consulted it, and then walked the room with hasty strides.

"Time flies," said he; "I am waited for on 'change and the fellow is not yet come. How confounded unlucky was the loss of that key. Old Trivet dead, his shop burned down! his journeyman nowhere to be traced—and the lock a secret. I wonder if James will be more successful to-day, than he was yesterday."

The door opened, two men entered. One was the steward, the other our friend, Frank Harland.

"I have found him, sir," said the former, and he retired, leaving Frank and the banker alone.

"A locksmith?" asked the banker, haughtily.

"You worked for Trivet, I believe?"

"Till he died, sir," replied Frank.

"Then you recognize that safe?"

"I do, sir—I put on the lock, myself."

"Can you pick that lock?"

"I can. I constructed it myself."

"Very well. I have unfortunately lost the key. I have urgent need of papers it contains to-day. You will open it. I will leave it unlocked to-day, securing the room it stands in.

To-morrow you will return and be prepared to make another key."

The locksmith went to work. In a moment the safe was unlocked, and Frank stood back, giving the banker the pleasure of lifting the lid himself.

"You are a good workman," said he. "What is the matter with your arm?"

"I met with an accident three weeks ago."

"Very well. Here are two guineas. Are you sufficiently paid?"

"Too well. If I had change I would return you a portion of this money."

"Don't talk to me of change. Put up your money—and leave me—I am busy. Come back at the same hour to-morrow."

"One moment, sir, if you please," said Frank, whose eyes had been attracted by a portrait on the wall. "But pray whose likeness is that?"

"That, sir," said the banker, reddening—"is a portrait of—of a member of my family."

"It is very strange!" said Frank, musingly.

"Strange that I should have portraits of members of my family hanging up in my house?"

"No, sir, not that—but—but the resemblance," stammered Frank.

"The resemblance to whom—to whom, sir!" asked the banker, uneasily.

"To my father, sir," replied Frank.

"Your father! upon my word that's good. I am very much honored, I assure you. Have you any more questions to ask about my pictures, sir? you seem to be a connoisseur."

Frank uttered a sudden exclamation. Directly opposite hung the lifelike image of the beautiful young girl whom he had so lately saved from destruction at the risk of his own life.

"One word more," he stammered, pointing to the picture. "Pray, who is that?"

"My daughter, sir," said the banker, shortly.

"And your name is—?"

"Harland, Rupert Harland. I thought every one in London knew me. Go now, and attend to your business—leave me the same privilege."

"Harland! Harland?" cried Frank. "O, uncle, don't you recognize a family likeness in my face? Don't your heart tell you that your nephew stands before you?"

"Is the fellow mad? You my nephew! I have no nephew. I had a brother—it is true—but he is dead—dead!"

"He is not dead!" cried Frank. "Though this very day may end his sufferings. Yonder is his portrait, beside yours. I knew it at a glance, though years, and privation, and toil have wrought a fearful change. Yet there are his mild eyes, his look of proud humility—the bearing of the

gentleman that nothing can extinguish. O, sir, listen to your better nature. Extend your hand and solace the declining and forlorn old age, or at least close the dying eyes of that poor old man. I ask nothing for myself, I am young and hopeful, and shall soon be strong again; but I am unable to provide the comforts of life for my poor, dying father."

The banker stood silent for a moment, emotions were evidently struggling at his heart to which he had long been a stranger, but evil habits mastered them, and after a moment he appeared once more stern, calm, impassive.

"Let me hear no more of this," he said, "if you value your liberty. A man in my position is accustomed to the tricks of impostors and knows how to deal with them. I am a magistrate, young man, and if I said the word, I could prevent your being of any aid to your father—if indeed you have one. Take this word of friendly caution, and begone. There is no occasion of your returning to-morrow. I will find a substitute for the lock you opened with such suspicious dexterity."

Frank essayed a reply but his organs of speech failed him. And this was his uncle—the father of that girl whose face had haunted him like a spell for the past month! His heart swelled within him as he left, hopeless, indignant and despairing, the princely mansion of the banker.

He made up his mind to say nothing of the adventure to his father, as he feared the effect of the agitation he was sure it would produce on his enfeebled frame.

As he was entering, with a sad heart, his own miserable lodging-house, he encountered Masters, who was on the watch for him. A glance showed that he had been drinking deeply, and he tried to pass him with a brief word of salutation, but he found he was not to be shaken off so easily.

"I've been waiting for you," said Masters. "I've important business with you."

"I must see my father," said Frank, peremptorily.

"No hurry. The doctor has just gone out, and says he is getting on well. I give you my word of honor, I speak the truth. Come into my room."

Frank followed Masters into his room. He was somewhat alarmed and annoyed when he saw him lock the door and put the key in his pocket. They seated themselves at a table, on which stood pipes and tobacco, two tin cups, and a quarter of gin.

"Here's to you, my boy!" said the burglar, filling the cups. "What, you won't drink? Then there's more for me. Your health."

"You shan't drink any more, Jack," cried Frank. "You've drank too much already. You're killing yourself."

"Well—what of it?" replied the other. "I'm on the high road to fortune, and can do as I like."

"Say rather, on the high road to the gallows," replied Frank.

"Come, Frank—now really, that's quite ungentlemanly—quite unworthy of you," hiccuped Jack. "For I know you're a gentleman—a real gentleman, by George! and the heir to an immense fortune."

"What do you mean?" cried Frank.

"I know what I say," said Jack. "I'm all right, Frank Harland."

"Harland! Then you know—"

"Everything, my boy. Mum's the word! I love you, Frank—I've loved you upward of six years. Ah, we used to have good times at old Trivet's. Well, well! there's no help for it, Max and I have struck hands for life, and I must be a lucky cove till I die in the gutter."

"Not so, Jack," cried Frank, earnestly. "The most inveterate inebriate may reform. Give up the bottle!"

"The bottle is the first round of the ladder to the gallows. I stand upon the second," said the burglar, gloomily.

"What do you mean?" cried Frank, in alarm.

"Do you know this key?" said Jack, holding up a small brass key.

"Know it! I forged it myself. It is the key of the banker's safe."

"Ay, boy, the same."

"You stole it."

"I did not steal it. I saw it drop from the banker's pocket, and picked it up in the street."

"I am glad of it—I breathe freer. Then you mean to restore it, and claim the reward?"

"Not such a fool as that. It has secured me one treasure—it shall unlock more."

"The banker has missed the key and sent for me to pick the lock. He will watch over his safe night and day till he has secured another lock."

"Then that lay is done with," said the burglar. "Frank, you're my friend, I know."

"Your true friend, Jack, so help me Heaven!"

"Then I'll trust everything to you," said Masters, speaking each moment with more difficulty, as the liquor he had drank operated on his brain. "I'm going to make your fortune, and you must take care of mine." He produced a pocket-book and placed it in Frank's hands. "Take care of that, it's yours. Wake me up when you've read the papers in it—I'm sleepy—wake me up—pretty soon," and dropping his head upon the table, he was soon buried in a deep drunken sleep.

Frank opened the pocket-book and took from it a folded document. It was the last will and testament of James Harland, of Harland Manor, Leicestershire, revoking a former will by which all his property was left to his elder son Rupert Harland, and dividing his estate equally between Rupert and Francis Harland, his younger son, or, in the event of the latter's decease, his son's heirs.

The perusal of this paper threw Frank into a strange agitation. The banker had fraudulently suppressed this will, but then it had fraudulently fallen into Frank's hands. After a moment's hesitation, he resolved to carry it to his uncle. Taking the key of the room-door from the pocket of the slumbering thief, he made his way out of the house, and in a few moments stood, unannounced, in the presence of the banker. The latter was not alone—beside him stood his beautiful daughter.

Before her father had time to utter the exclamation of angry surprise which rose to his lips, she sprang towards Frank, and grasped him by the hand.

"My preserver!" she exclaimed. "Dear father," she added, leading the reluctant young man forward—"here is the brave young man who saved my life at the risk of his own, the person we have so long and fruitlessly sought."

"Is it possible!" cried the banker. "I am deeply your debtor, sir; and will endeavor to repay you by more than words. It is not in the nature of Rupert Harland to permit any man to remain his creditor. I pray you to forgive the hasty words I uttered this morning."

"It is enough that you acknowledge you were mistaken in my character, sir," replied Frank. "The gratitude exhibited by Miss Harland more than repays me for my slight sufferings."

"Then you were hurt!" cried Miss Harland. "You wear your arm in a sling. How dreadful!"

"It is nothing, madam," said the locksmith. "I am fast recovering the use of my arm. Mr. Harland, I wish to say a few words in private with you."

"Certainly, sir. Maria, my love, leave us alone, if you please."

"Don't leave the house, sir, without seeing me again," said the young lady.

Frank bowed, and she retired.

"Now, sir," said the banker, "be seated, if you please."

"Excuse me, sir," said Frank, "I shall detain you but a moment, Mr. Harland, your house, this room, was entered to-day at noon by a burglar."

"Impossible!"

"It is too true, sir. A person found the key

of your safe which you dropped in the street. I restore it to you, sir—there it is. By means of that key, however, your safe had been opened before my services were called in."

"I tell you, sir," said the banker, "that is quite impossible. With my servants about—at noon-day—it could not be!"

"It was, sir," said Frank, "and the proof is here," and he handed him the pocket-book.

The banker turned pale as he received it.

"You seem the soul of honesty, and will reply truthfully to my questions. Are you acquainted with the contents of this pocket-book?"

"I am, sir."

"You know then," said the banker, "that it contains the last will and testament of my father, though I have suppressed it, and hold my property under the will which it revokes."

"I do. And that it gives half of a vast estate to my father, who is now sick and suffering the rigors of extreme poverty. I know, moreover, that nothing prevents the proving of his identity, and that, with that will in our possession, we could blast your reputation and bring you under the strong arm of the law."

"Then why did you restore it?"

"Because the will was stolen—and I preferred to place it in your hands, and to rely for restitution on your sense of justice, blunted, but not I hope destroyed. I came to say to you, Rupert Harland, you would have been childless but for me—but for me, you would be a branded felon—now use me as you will."

The breast of the banker heaved with mighty emotions—he gasped for breath—he shaded his eyes with his hands, and then, the teardrops burst forth in a shower, and he wept like a child.

"God bless you, Frank Harland," he said—"God bless you—you are worthier of wealth and happiness than I am. You have conquered me; restored my earlier and better self. I cannot—I cannot, for my daughter's sake, acknowledge to the world that I have been a villain—but I can divide with my poor wronged brother all that I possess—all the vast wealth which mammon-worship has amassed. Tell me where my poor brother is living—or rather dying."

Frank gave him the address.

"Let me go to him alone," said the banker. "No one must witness the interview. Fear not, I will break it to him gently—tenderly. In the meantime, go to my daughter—she expects you in the next room. Tell her she has a cousin."

"And a lover," thought the locksmith.

The sunshine of prosperity soon restored the health of Francis Harland, and when it was completely re-established, the nuptials of Frank and

Maria Harland were solemnized with the greatest splendor. If the old proverb be true that "love laughs at locksmiths," it was now proved, that locksmiths do not always laugh at love.

Jack Masters, having expressed his repentance, and signified a desire to "leave his country for his country's good," was furnished with a round sum of money with which he took his departure for Canada, where it is hoped and believed he became a useful member of society.

IT'S ALWAYS MY LUCK.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"It's about time to give up trying, and yield to the force of circumstances. The tide of ill luck sets against me harder than ever. Really, brother John, I cannot stem the current much longer."

"What has happened now?"

"You remember the handsome bay I purchased a few weeks since?"

"Yes."

"He had a slight lameness in one of his feet."

"Yes."

"Well, the trouble has been increasing, until the animal is a complete cripple, and quite unfit to use. I s'pose I ought to have expected something of that kind; it's always my luck. You know I can never buy anything without being cheated, or do anything like other people. I was evidently born under a bad star. With some folks, everything works well without any apparent effort on their part. Neighbor Jones bought some railroad stock that paid him eight per cent. right straight along. Well, I went and purchased some stocks, too, and the result is, that I will sell out to-day at twenty-five per cent. Last year Job Smith went into the hop business; he raised a large field, and disposed of every pound at a handsome profit. This season I cut some two or three thousand poles, and tried it on a large scale. What is to come of it? Why, of course, hops have taken a turn, and wont pay the cost of raising. Mr. Thompson got his house insured a few nights before it was destroyed by fire. Ten days after the disaster he got every cent of the insurance. I went and insured with the P. T. W. Company. When my corn barn was burned, containing much value in various kinds of grain, instead of receiving the amount of the insurance, a rumor reached me that the concern had failed, which report was confirmed by the first newspaper that I happened to take up.

"Last spring I planted my potatoes on a hill, and the dry weather parched up the soil and prevented a crop. This season I planted them on a piece of low bottom-land, and the rains washed them out. It's always my luck. You know that corn has been a good yield in this part of the country, and always been marketable. I have usually never tried to grow any except for my own use, but this year I thought I'd try it, and so put in five acres. I was a fool for doing it. A person of my hard experience might have known better. Just as though I could raise

corn! Just as though I could do anything successfully! I can't sneeze like other folks, or blow my nose without setting it to bleeding! My corn is scarcely out of the silk; there has been a heavy frost, and it will be hardly decent fodder for the cattle. That's my luck. It's just so with my beans—the frost has got them, too. Something will happen to me next. I shall break my arm, or my leg, or choke myself with a piece of meat. Then again, if I was going to die, I s'pose it would rain, or thunder, or something of that kind. I've no doubt my grave will be full of water when I'm buried. That's my luck—it wont leave me—it'll follow as long as there's anything left of me. It commenced when I was a boy. I was late at school, caught whispering, throwing paper balls, pinching the boys, making wry faces at the master, carrying on pantomimic correspondence with the girls, and forever and eternally an eligible candidate for a thrashing. The big boys used to beat me, and the little ones stone me. I never got the medal but once, and then I lost it before I got home, for which I was maltreated the next day by the double-fisted master. When I got large enough to go courting, some fellow was sure to get the girl I wanted, or the one I wanted was sure to give me the mitten. I was confounded bashful, and was laughed at because I didn't appear natural in company. My work was found fault with. The tailor couldn't fit me to a coat. If I rode out, I got tipped over, or run away with. When I got a situation, I was sure to offend my employers. I couldn't go in swimming without having the cramp, or go hunting without being mistaken for a goose, kicked over by the recoil of my gun, bursting it up by overloading, or hurting somebody in some way. It's always my luck."

"You owe your luck all to yourself," said his brother John.

"Certainly; I expected you'd say so; you always do."

"You were ever wanting in forethought," added brother John, mildly. "You never calculated chances, or made provisions for contingencies. When a mere lad, you would undertake a piece of work without knowing what you were doing. You have been a kind of unconscious sleep-walker since the day of your birth. You appear to be dreaming most of the time. You don't reach conclusions by a logical process, but jump and flounder at them, or never reach them at all. So far as cause and effect are concerned, you are profoundly ignorant of both. The philosophy of the processes of Nature appears strange to you. If a shower comes up suddenly, you rath-

er imagine it was gotten up on purpose to wet your load of hay. If the season is too dry or too hot, it is just the same— all on your account. Why, man, Nature is as impartial as she can be, and cares no more about you, individually, than she does about a grasshopper. Do you suppose she would step out of her course to do you a petty piece of spite? Not a bit of it—she works for the good of all. But you appear profoundly ignorant of it. Your continued ill luck has its origin in your own organization. You proceed without method, and do not govern yourself by the signs of the times. Before planting hops, you should have informed yourself whether the market was surfeited; and as for corn, you put it in too late, and on that part of your farm which is first affected by frost. Perhaps you may remember that I predicted a poor crop while you were planting. But why did I venture such a prediction? Simply because circumstances warranted it—circumstances that entirely escaped your observation; and in fact all circumstances that affect your luck are unnoted. Why it is that you do not profit by experience, I am at a loss to understand. When you got insured, you took your policy from a humdrum, ricketty-racketty company. You were in similar fault when you bought the bay horse. A slight examination of his foot would have satisfied you that his lameness was incurable; but the animal looked well, the owner told you it was 'all right,' and so a fool and his money were parted."

"That's comforting!" muttered the man of ill luck.

"And the identical state of things prevailed when you bought into the Vermont Central Railroad," continued brother John. "Jones bought stock on the Boston and Worcester, which is always up and pays good dividends. I couldn't help laughing when I heard what you'd been doing. Why, anybody but an unlucky man would know better. You wouldn't have caught your wife doing such a foolish thing. All the women and children in the neighborhood are better posted about railroad stocks than you seem to be. There's no use in talking, though; it's always your luck. Age has now so crept upon you, that I fear it is too late to outgrow your thoughtlessness and want of method. It is to be expected that you will plod on in the old track. You work hard enough with your hands, but don't do head-work enough for a baby. Just make one strong effort, my good brother. It will be up-hill business, but possibly you may come to your senses enough to complain less of your ill fortune."

"That'll do, brother John," said the grumbler, with something like a smile. "I'm in for a blowing up when I mention my troubles. It's always my luck."

And so the brothers parted, one a little more thoughtful than when they met, but it is doubtful whether the other was any wiser, or in a more promising way to improve—for he had often heard the same kind of reasoning before. Probably he will continue to be an unmethodical person to the day of his death, and, grumbling in the old fashion, say, "It's always my luck!"

THE ARTIST'S STRATAGEM.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.  
~~~~~

"AND now," cried Frank Lemington, throwing himself upon a little mean, dilapidated sofa, "I am for the first time penniless. Not able to get a mouthful of bread, upon my sacred honor. Sell! what shall I sell?" he ejaculated, as if in reply to some suggestion made by his interior self; "what in fact is there to sell? That old bureau I paid—amazing sum, fifty cents for; no secret springs in it either. Wonder what it would bring now? Here's a sofa, valued thirty-seven and a half, and that old chest, relic of my theatrical foolery, contains a wardrobe that no living soul but myself could wear—and that only for farce," he continued, rising and pacing the floor.

The large, old apartment did look cheerless without a fire. To be sure there was a bright imitation of yellow blaze and sombre smoke over the fireplace, with its black hearth, but it was, alas, painted, though by such a genial heart it had almost given heat to the canvass.

There were many pictures scattered about—

several plaster casts artistically arranged, brushes, palette pencils laid in confusion on the floor and table—an easel stood in the best light the room afforded, a few chairs leaned stiffly against the unpapered walls.

Frank Lemington had struggled with poverty all his life, he had been wild, but not dissolute; a dishonorable action had never stained his reputation. With real genius, yet no means of study, he had produced some incomparable portraits—but unknown and penniless, he could get but few orders. He had once strutted on the stage, and there is no knowing to what histrionic honors he might have attained, had not a singular pain forewarned him that the stretch of his vocal powers was too much for him, coupled as it was with his labor as an artist.

Still he was miserably poor, spite of his courageous exclamation which he omitted not morning or night. "I'll be a great painter—I'll be something yet, in spite of it all."

Frank was supperless and therefore hungry. His only acquaintance in the city had gone out of town—and what young man of spirit would get trusted for a supper? Zounds! to long for a piece of bread! It was too bad!

He put on his hat, wrapped his cloak grandly over his threadbare garments, and passed out into the entry, walking slowly. On the landing at the foot of the stairs he met the old widow lady of whom he hired his room, and owing only one week's rent, boldly wished her a good evening. She was a lady-like woman, and rarely spoke to her boarders, but to-night she felt communicative.

"We're fixing for a party, Mr. Lemington, and if we might have the honor of your company, I'm sure my daughter and myself will be much pleased."

"Your daughter!" said Frank, standing still for a moment, with one foot on the lower stair, "I was not aware you had a daughter—I have never seen any one but yourself."

"O, she's been to school all her life," answered the simple landlady, "and on her coming home to stay, I feel as if she ought to have some sort of welcome of the kind, and so I'm going to let her have a party. She hasn't had one, poor thing, since her father died."

"And when will your party take place?" asked Frank—he had much rather she had invited him to supper.

"O dear, that's what darling and I are in such a strait about; for the great room on the ground floor, just back of this one, sir, wants whitewashing, and the kitchen too; yet not a whitewasher can I get for love or money at this

"O dear, that's what darling and I are in such a strait about; for the great room on the ground floor, just back of this one, sir, wants whitewashing, and the kitchen too; yet not a whitewasher can I get for love or money at this

Digitized by Google

busy time; not for whole weeks; and the party's put for Thursday; that's in two days, you see."

A scheme flashed through Frank's clever brain. "I cannot starve," he thought, "I will not beg, but I must have something to eat while I am finishing Ella's picture. My good Mrs. Blake," he answered, after a moment's seeming consultation with memory, "I think I know a man who will do your whitewashing in two days."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed the little widow, clasping her hands.

"He is rather singular though about his terms—he doesn't charge the usual price, but is considerably more reasonable; but he would expect to take his meals here. He has been, you understand, a sort of gentleman, but—" and Frank would have gone on butting till night, had not the landlady interrupted him.

"O, all the better," cried the widow. "I'll give him what he asks and his meals beside; but I sha'n't want him to come you know till nine or half past."

"I'll engage him," said Frank, and then added as he went out, "that's better than poison or pistols, young man; and be sure if you're brave you'll always get out of difficulty. You must of course go without supper to-night; but by getting up at daybreak, working hard at the picture for four hours or so, now that it is nearly completed, you'll get it done this week, old fellow. Courage, Frank, and thank your mother and the stars that you're not too proud to work at any thing that's honest."

Frank took a long walk, and could not avoid passing by pastry shops and eating-rooms from whence his own hungry humanity snuffed the savory scents eagerly; but afterwards laughing at himself, and repeating occasionally, "too bad—too bad," he hurried on home. His walk had done him good—and made him ravenous, too. What was his surprise on entering his lonely chamber, to find upon the table a brown paper package; and what his further state of astonishment, when upon carefully undoing it, out fell a neat supply of sandwiches—new white bread thinly covered with butter and mustard, and tucked between "fresh, sweet bacon, fat and lean."

"O joyful surprise!" exclaimed Frank, extending theatrically his right hand and the sandwiches—"but where the dickens did they come from? What good angel, or good fairy, or good creature of some sort, left them here, I wonder?" For a moment he stood thinking; then swallowing his amazement with a large bite of bread and bacon, he seated himself and had a good supper. "Only," he muttered—"it would be so much more delicious with tea."

O discontented mortals that we are! Who can lay his hand on his heart and say "I want no more!"

Here was the secret of the sandwiches. Susy Blake saw the rather interesting and handsome young artist go out and pass by the window. Her cousin, a dashing girl with a small fortune, had sat for her portrait, and in her letters to the boarding-school Susy, she was forever eulogizing the "divine Frank Lemington and his studio." Susy drew her own conclusions from this—and anticipated being asked to the wedding. Susy was romantic, and almost crazy to see a painter's studio. "It must be very beautiful," she thought, "and if mother don't see me, and he's gone—I'll just run up and take a look." Now the young lady was engaged for a picnic for the morrow, one of those free and easy kind where the frolickers carry their own refreshments, and she held in her hand a small brown paper, carefully folded over a goodly number of sandwiches. This, without thinking, she still retained, as she ran cautiously up stairs. The key she carried, exactly fitted; the lock swung round, the door flew open, and she was for the first time in her life within the hallowed precincts of genius.

Well, Susy found nothing very wonderful there, but she walked round, admiring the very fine paintings, and stopping occasionally before one worthiest of her admiration. It was the face of a beautiful girl, and the expression was angelic. As Susy stood there, her hands demurely folded, her hair, which was very bright and pretty, falling softly and cloud-like over her shoulders, a sweet smile of satisfaction and admiration upon her handsome features, a close observer might have detected some likeness between the girl and the picture. The same soft blue eyes, over which the setting sun threw a mellow lustre, the same transparency of complexion, the same sweetness of expression.

"Who can it be?" thought Susy, going mechanically to the window—"mercy, there he is!" she added, in the same breath, for the artist was just then entering the house; and without a thought of sandwiches, away she flew, locking the door and hastily ensconcing herself in her own snug little chamber, one flight higher. Thus you see how Providence sent a supper to the penniless painter.

Susy never remembered her luncheon until she was going away next morning. Poor Susy, her cheeks were like crimson; "what will he think of me?" she whispered, after looking over her store of cake and fruit, forgetting that he could of course know nothing about it.

On the following morning Frank was up be-

times. He felt a little faint, but then, thought he, "I shall get a good breakfast by-and-by, and money enough to-morrow to keep me till next week; then I hope my patron will be liberal, for really I think I have done myself justice;" and he gazed, with hand and brush suspended, upon his work.

It was nearly nine. Frank sat before his easel in a shabby, genteel dressing-gown, well adorned with huge tassels. Thrown rather foppishly over his jetty curls was a really rich cap, embroidered with silk and gold thread, and further ornamented with a broad gold band. The door suddenly opened; a lad and a young lady entered; the latter, in all but her extremely fashionable dress, very much like Susy Blake. A flush mounted to Frank's cheeks and his eyes sparkled with pleasure. He sprang rather than arose from his chair, and stammered something about his dishabille.

"O, never mind," said the lady, refusing with a motion of her hand the chair he offered her. "I only called in to tell you I and Charley will be ready to sit again on Monday. When is the exhibition to take place?"

"Not for some two months yet, so there is plenty of time," was the answer, laying his brush on the table, and wiping his bespattered hand on his dressing-gown.

"O plenty," was the lady's answer, "good morning;" and she went out taking the sunshine with her, leaving the artist standing as if spell-bound.

"Alas, what it is to be poor!" he exclaimed bitterly, throwing off his cap, almost angrily, and divesting himself of his dressing-gown. "She, so beautiful and an heiress, will never marry me, I fear, although she is so encouraging and gentle in manner, and I sometimes dare to think she loves me. But a truce to this—to business now. Let us see if Madam Blake's daughter is as pretty as her cousin."

Saying which he went to the old chest and unlocked it with a rusty key. Such an assortment as that yawning lid disclosed! tarnished gold and silver ornaments—threadbare cloths and silk-bare velvets. Old shoes with enormous buckles, in short, the whole display was as motley as it was profuse. Selecting a large red wig, a long-waisted, spotted and wrinkled coat, and something like a butcher's apron, a set of false whiskers and eyebrows, he laid them out for inspection. They answered well, and he proceeded to transform himself from the highly talented Frank L—, to a respectable looking man of all-work.

"That'll do," he muttered before his little

mirror, "my best friends would not know me now."

His best friend or his worst enemy could not indeed have recognized, in the blowsy, coarse-looking face, any resemblance to Lemington—so complete was his disguise.

Going down hastily, he told his hostess that he was the man sent by the painter to whitewash. She was ready for him—but first, would not he like a little breakfast? He looked cold.

No objection in the world, thought Frank, as he demurely assented; and sitting down, he did himself justice, and astonished the widow, who saw she had the worst of the bargain; "but, poor man," soliloquized the good-hearted woman, "who knows? Maybe the poor thing has not had a good meal for a week." Frank was by himself nearly all that day; but the next, Susy had returned. She stood at the great kitchen table, her sleeves turned up, and her fair white arms immersed in soapsuds to the elbow, her dark locks turned coquettishly over, the tips escaping in charming little ringlets. They did not of course mind the whitewasher; and so Susy rattled on, happily unconscious of the beating heart and wandering glances of the stranger towards herself.

"How much she is like her cousin," he thought, "yet how unlike. More beautiful certainly in her simplicity, than she in her finery, yet Marie is lovely, and alas, I fear beloved." Upon this he sighed so hard that Susy turned half about and wondered what that noise was.

"Mother," said Susy,—the bustling little woman was lighting up the big oven—"did you say you had invited our lodger up stairs—I mean the painter."

"Yes," replied the widow, hastily retreating from a cloud of pine-wood smoke, and then lustily using the bellows.

"Didn't Cousin Marie ask you to?" continued Susy, rinsing the tumblers that were to be put in requisition the night following.

"To be sure, she did; you know she's aittin' for her pieter," replied her mother.

"I thought there was a face up there that looked like her, only better."

"Gracious me!" cried the widow, turning round, while the whitewash brush went amazingly slow; "when did you see a face up there—what do you mean? when was you in that man's room?"

Susy's complexion was crimson all over. However there was no alternative—the story of her visit and the sandwiches must be told.

"Ho, that's the secret!" thought Frank, stopping his work, and giving the wig such a turn

over with one hand, that it came near falling off. Luckily, nobody saw it.

"Well, Susan, all I've got to say, is, that you are served just right, going into the lodgers' rooms that way; pretty manners."

"Don't Marie go often?" asked the young girl, quite subdued.

"You know Marie isn't the kind of person I'd have you copy, Susan; you know she always was bold and forward, and has had lovers ever since she was twelve years old, yes, and jilted them, too."

Susy was silent for a moment, then she said—"I think she likes the painter. By the way she used to write to me at school, I concluded they were engaged, and going to be married."

"Whew!" whistled Frank to himself—and whitewashed vigorously.

"Well, I don't know," continued the widow, "but it's my private opinion, the young man is poor. Anyhow, he don't have many calls."

"Fact!" put in Frank, *sotto voce*.

"And I'm certain Marie wouldn't marry, as she herself says, less than ten thousand."

"Then she wouldn't marry me," thought the whitewasher, beginning to think Susy extremely beautiful and graceful, as she went about so dutifully working for her mother.

"For my part, I'm glad I haven't brought you up with such notions. A good decent trade and something a leetle beforehand, is enough to make any girl contented," said the mother.

"Well, it's my opinion," said Susy, "that Marie is really in love this time, and I'm sure she couldn't find a handsomer man."

Frank's complexion took the hue of his wig.

"Handsome is that handsome does," remarked the widow, very pithily.

Not five minutes after, with great rustling and show, in came Marie.

"How busy you are," she cried, laughing.

"You see my hands are in the dough," said Susy's mother.

"And mine in the suds," cried Susy, gaily; "but stop, I'll get you a chair."

"No, don't trouble yourselves—but how nice you're going to look! may a body speak to you after to-day? I hope, aunty, you've asked Mr. Lemington. I'm glad you have," she added in a voice of satisfaction, as the widow responded, "aint he a love of a man."

"He's a nice man I should think," said Susy.

"Nice man—I guess he is; just look at his genius. Papa says he can't fail to be at the head of his profession in a few years. I think he's a beauty."

Frank retreated into one of the thirty-six cor-

ners that composed the old-fashioned kitchen. He thought to himself "perhaps after all it is true this beautiful girl loves me, and is willing to accept my genius in lieu of money; and she would, bring me—gold. Yes," he mentally added, "but what is gold without the sweetest virtues of womanhood?" Then his thoughts reverted to the supperless evening—and on the whole he felt that with a fortune brought him by a lovely wife, and his own fame, which in such a case would bring him patronage, he should be happier than he was then.

"Who is that fright?" he heard Marie whisper from his corner; "what a scarecrow!"

"I shall wear white to-morrow," said Susy, "and a wreath of natural roses."

"And I intend to be dressed in the very dress I'm to be painted in."

"Ah, you mean to captivate the young artist," said Susan, archly.

"No trouble in the world about that," replied Marie, laughing again, and speaking very confidently—"all men are easily captivated. I rather think he's caught before this."

"Not so sure of that," ejaculated Frank, glancing at the sweet, artless face of one cousin, and, it struck him for the first time, the bold expression of the other.

"There! I'll declare if there aint the wood, and not a soul to split and saw it. Do you ever do such jobs, good man?"

"O yes," replied Frank, "but I couldn't till to-morrow."

"Well, I'll have it put in the woodshed, and you shall have the job. Somehow I like you; I think you're an honest workman. I declare, girls, he's got the queerest hair. I'm sure some of it is coal black. I shouldn't wonder if he'd been using hair dye."

"Fortune has smiled upon me," thought Frank, carelessly, as that evening the landlady brought up three letters, saying, as she gave them to him, that she had been to his room with them long ago, but he was out.

He opened the first. It was an order for a painting by a very rich and munificent gentleman.

"Brave!" cried Frank, snapping his fingers. The second was from his only bosom friend and contained only matters of private importance—but the third! he broke the seal lightly, threw his eyes over it, sprang up, looked at the signature, and then in his enthusiasm, overthrowing a chair and a small table, he shouted at the top of his voice, "hurrah;" and then with dumb signs capered round the room—his face glowing, his eyes almost on fire with intense joy.

"Well, I tell you what, Frank Lemington,"

he exclaimed, "standing before his little mirror, 'that letter was a regular stunner—excuse him, he didn't often use slang words—to think that the old West Indian should remember me; eighty thousand—hurrah! throw up your cap, Frank, you're a wealthy man and a match for—ay, even for Marie.'"

The fact was, this momentous letter informed him of the decease of an old second uncle, whom he had long forgotten, but who had resided for the last two years in the vicinity of the city. Having no heirs but Frank, he had generously remembered him in his will, and left him, besides his house and grounds, eighty thousand dollars.

"Now the young artist must be at it—," said the letter, "early the next day." "But the old lady's word," thought Frank. "I'll be home in time and see the fun out."

And so he was. Chuckling within himself he donned his frightful wig, and with the addition of a pair of ragged overalls, he commenced his work.

It was the night of the party; the whole house was brilliantly illuminated. Richly dressed belles and beaux were promenading in at the front entrance, while Frank, laughing in his sleeve, sawed wood at the back—in a shed where the widow had hung a little oil lamp.

Dame Blake was neither rich nor fashionable; she had her own, independent notions of the fitness of things; hence at an earlier hour than fashion required, she had refreshments served. Frank stood wiping his forehead, thinking the farce wouldn't pay, when he heard voices.

"Why do you suppose he hasn't come yet?" inquired Marie, anxiously.

"I can't think," answered her cousin; then she added, lightly, "you are certainly bewitched with him, for you have seemed so dull, so unlike yourself to-night."

"Pshaw," returned Marie in a vexed tone, "I don't care two cents for him only to flirt with."

"Say you so?" whispered Frank to himself.

"O that is wicked, Marie, and you will get him to love you dearly."

"Of course I shall," returned Marie, coldly.

"And then turn him off?"

"Yes."

"O Maria, you think he is poor, but I assure you a gentleman who was here to see mama to-day, assured us that Mr. Lemington had just had a handsome fortune left him by an uncle, who, dying, bequeathed him all his property."

"Is that so?" inquired Marie, with energy; "then don't say another word, I'll marry him."

"If you can?" queried Susy, slyly, laughing.

"No fear of that," returned the other; "he'd give all he's worth for a smile from me, now"

"Would he?" said Frank to himself.

"There, the poor wood-sawyer," cried Susy, "I'm going to send him out a plate of cake."

"That old curmudgeon! he's a perfect fright," replied Marie, crossly. "I wouldn't trouble myself about him."

"But he's poor—he works hard—he shall have some cake," persisted her gentle cousin.

Frank sat as if exhausted on a monster log. Something in white garments, looking like an angel, came out and offered him refreshments.

"God bless you, beautiful creature," he uttered earnestly. Another moment and she was gone.

How noble and handsome he looked—Frank Lemington—as he entered the widow's room, his face beaming with happiness.

Susy modestly shrank back in the crowd; Marie welcomed him, paying him every attention in her power—using every fascinating art. Her heart beat high; now he was rich, she allowed her selfish self to love him, and she madly worshipped him.

In vain all her arts. Frank sought the blushing cousin, and astonished, she knew not why, she still could not but note the expression of his glance. It was very sweet to her, "but why should he seek me?" she murmured, "when there is Marie, so much richer and more beautiful?" In a few words he told her why, and to Marie's anger, grief, indignation and remorse, Susy Blake was Frank Lemington's betrothed—the "little Susy Blake—that poor, unaccomplished thing. Pshaw!"

Frank and Susy were married. They had a splendid wedding, and forthwith removed into their beautiful house.

One day Susy was startled by the entrance of the whitewasher, red locks and all. He seated himself familiarly upon the rich lounge, and regarded the lady with his old, strange stare.

"Who are you? what do you want? Mr. Lemington is not at home," she repeated rapidly, rising and facing the door.

"Susy," exclaimed the strange apparition, inclining his head sideways, and smiling most hideously.

"Good heavens, sir, leave the house, now!" cried Susy, indignantly, crushing the rose Frank had placed in her bosom in her agitation.

Throwing off his hair, his whiskers, his false eyebrows, Frank held out his arms. Susy rushed into them with a scream of delight—"it can't be you was he," she cried, laughing till the tears ran; "what did you do it for?"

"No matter what I did it for," he answered, kissing her beautiful cheek, "since it gained me a true, loving wife."

CURING A BLOOMER.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

JACK CARYSFORT was engaged to Miss Melinda Winkle, the only daughter of a retired merchant, when she was quite a child, and then started for Paris, where he was to study medicine for four years; at the expiration of which time, Miss Winkle would be nineteen, and ready to assume the duties of a matron. There was no necessity for Jack's studying medicine, as he had an ample fortune, but old Winkle insisted that he ought to have a profession. From time to time he heard from and of Melinda, and learned that she was growing up very beautiful, and so changed that he wouldn't know her.

His studies completed, Jack hastened home, and no sooner arrived in Boston, than he went in search of Tom Winkle, to learn how his sister was—old Winkle lived on a fancy farm about forty miles from Boston. Tom told him that his sister had grown up handsome and attractive—that she had received a first rate education, and was witty and accomplished; but that she had been infected with the Bloomer mania, and nothing could cure her of her ridiculous determination to wear pantaloons, and adopt the habits of the ruder sex. He said that his father had remonstrated in vain, and that nothing could cure her of her folly.

Now Jack abhorred an unsexed woman, and in spite of his solemn engagement to marry Melinda, he resolved, if he failed to convert the young lady to his ideas of propriety by a system of tactics he had rapidly conceived, he would abandon her to some less fastidious suitor. Having imparted his project to Tom, he started by railroad for Winkle Lodge, and in a couple of hours was shaken warmly by the hand by Mr. Winkle. The old gentleman prepared him for a great change in his daughter, and hoped he would not be too much shocked at her costume. So much premised, he introduced the lover to the presence of his lady and her cousin Maria, a very pretty girl, staying with her to keep her company.

Melinda wore a jaunty black velvet riding-cap beneath which her hair appeared, cropped short like a man's; a frock coat, buttoned up to the throat; a pair of faultlessly-fitting pantaloons, and little high-heeled boots. If she had been a vaudeville actress, Jack would have been delighted; but he was very sorry to see a lady so intimately associated with his happiness, in this equipment. She, however, was evidently proud, of the independence she exhibited.

Jack kissed her; but he kissed her cousin, too, not entirely to the satisfaction of the Bloomer.

"I was just going out to shoot woodcocks!" said Melinda; "there's my gun in the corner."

"Do you ride as well as shoot?" asked Jack.

"Do I ride!" exclaimed Melinda. "I don't do anything else! I've just been putting my horse up to stone walls; he'll make a capital fence."

"Of course you discard the side-saddle?"

"Not so bad as that," replied the Bloomer, slightly blushing.

"I'm going to see to my grapes, Jack," said old Winkle; "so you must take care of the ladies."

"Dear girl," said Jack, addressing Maria, when Winkle had retired, "though I humored Mr. Winkle's joke, when he introduced me, still the moment I saw you, I knew that you were none other than my Melinda—you are just what I have painted you in my dreams!"

"And who do you take me for, then, you blockhead?" asked Melinda.

"For just what you are, my boy!" cried Jack, slapping her on the back—"honest Tom Winkle! Handsome enough for a girl, to be sure, but altogether too rough for one!"

"But I assure you, Mr. Carysfort—" said Maria.

"Don't assure me that you are not your own sweet self," said Jack, tenderly; "but tell me all about your life here. What a charming, retired place! How abundant is the country in resources for the gratification of true feminine tastes! With its birds and flowers for admiration and culture; its pleasant walks, its scenery for the pencil; and then books, music, and household work for in-door employment on rainy days and evenings. Such, doubtless, my dear Melinda has found it."

"But let me tell you, Mr. Carysfort—" interrupted the real Melinda.

"Be quiet, Tom!" cried Jack, impatiently. "Do be off with your gun—or go into the stable—you were always a troublesome boy. You must know I have a world of things to say to your sister."

"I shall stay where I am!" said Melinda, throwing herself into a chair, and rocking somewhat violently.

"Well, hold your tongue, then!" said Jack, turning his back on her, and continuing to converse with Maria. "Dear Melinda," said he, "this joke of trying to pass Tom, here, off as you, reminds me of the Bloomer mania. We had accounts of it in Paris, and it made the Frenchmen laugh consumedly at our expense."

Once in a while you see a woman in the streets of Paris dressed in male attire, and such travesties are common in carnival time, but only tolerated then by the license of the season."

"It is an absurd mania, to be sure," cried Maria.

"I am glad to hear you condemn it," returned Jack, warmly, pressing her hand, "for sooner than marry a confirmed Bloomer, I would bestow my hand and name on a street singer or a tight-rope dancer."

"Don't you want to look at the grounds?" said Melinda, in a subdued and agitated voice.

"I want to talk with your sister, you little rascal!" cried Jack; and taking her by the shoulders, he put her out of the room and locked the door on her.

Ten minutes afterwards she peered through the front window-blinds, and saw Jack kissing Maria. It was part of his system.

At the dinner-table, Melinda appeared in the habiliments of her sex, looking very beautiful, though it must be confessed, her eyes were a little red and swollen. She blushed, and held out her hand to Jack.

"Amazement!" cried Jack. "Where's Tom?"

"Tom is in Boston—as you know very well, or ought to know," said Melinda.

"Then this lady—" said Jack, now turning to Maria.

"Is my cousin Maria, as you were told this morning, only you wouldn't believe it," said Melinda, reproachfully.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Maria," said Jack, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, "and I hope you'll excuse anything that passed between us."

"You owe the apology to me," said Melinda, pouting.

"How could I recognize you in that absurd costume?" asked Jack.

"My sentiments!" cried Winkle; "but she wouldn't listen to me. Hullo!" cried he, jumping up in alarm, "I believe the house is afire! Don't you smell a strong smell of leather and woolen burning?"

"I do!" said Maria, alarmed in turn.

"Shall I give the alarm?" exclaimed Jack.

"There's no occasion," said Melinda. "Just now I threw a pair of boots, and some clothes I wanted to get rid of, in the kitchen fire—the owner having no further use for them."

"Pair of pantaloons among them?" asked Winkle.

"Y—es," said Melinda, rather reluctantly. "They belonged to a Bloomer, who has given up business."

"Hurrah!" shouted old Winkle. "I see through it all. Jack's cured you, when everybody else had tried and failed."

"Will you forgive me?" asked Jack.

"There's my hand," said Melinda, frankly. "I forgive you, and thank you, too! The lesson was a sharp one, but I needed it to cure me of my folly."

THE LOVE MATCH, AND THE MONEY MATCH.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. B. WELLMONT.  
~~~~~

It was a matter of curious speculation among the friends of Ida Archer which of the two offers of marriage she would accept. There was the fine-looking Mr. Singleby, cast in the mould of one of nature's noblemen, who inherited a fortune never estimated at less than half a million, having nothing to do but enjoy the pleasures of life, fond of society at home, in all convivial parties which were always spiced by his comical humor, and made attractive by the ready flow of his wit; and he had offered himself to Ida Archer, the old merchant's only daughter, as her future husband.

There, too, within a few paces of the rich lover, was the office of young Dr. Masters—a physician who had made his way almost entirely by his own exertions, and whose energy and indomitable perseverance had secured him a most enviable rank among the cultivated of his profession. No tongue of scandal ever breathed a report to his discredit—honorable, high-minded, enthusiastically devoted to his business, but still burdened with a debt which he had assumed for his education; and with all this drawback to the consummation of his wishes, he likewise offered his hand and heart to Ida Archer; so that the vulgar adage seemed verified, that Miss Ida

had "two strings to her bow;" and what was more remarkable, both these proposals were made the same day, each of course being utterly ignorant of the fact of the other's propositions.

Affairs of the heart appear sometimes to leak out so mysteriously, that it seems as if Cupid himself proclaimed them; and very soon it was current among Ida's friends that she had received "two offers."

Most of the calculating, plodding, money-loving acquaintances were ready to pronounce at once that the rich Mr. Singleby would carry his suit—while a few shook their heads doubtfully, adding: "Ida always disappointed expectations."

Not a few related strange incidents in her history. One recounted the fact that she refused an invitation to her daughter's levee, that she might attend the death-bed of an aged woman to whom she had ministered through the cold winter; while yet another had known for a certainty, that upon her father's presentation of a rich brocade silk, she entreated him to bestow the gift upon her mother, and in lieu thereof, she took the money which was paid for it, and dispensed it in wood and coal among the children of poverty whom she attended.

These accounts were not quoted, however, in justification of her high moral character, nor because they reflected a peculiar lustre upon her, but simply to show that she was a very singular person, and generally acted by contraries from other people, and therefore it would be just like Ida to reject Mr. Singleby for the poor Dr. Masters, who was penniless but talented. Shrewd old men, however, predicted the parents would settle this matter; for riches had a peculiar charm in the eyes of the old merchant Archer, who had made an assignment of his property some twelve months since, and a lift from Singleby would now turn to good account. So while the friends are conjecturing to what conclusions our young friend will arrive, let us follow her to her chamber where she is now seated, to meditate upon the importance of the subject before her. Let us first take up Singleby's letter, and read what it promises :

"MY DEAR IDA,—Would that I could prefix the little word '*my*' in quite another sense from what its common usage denotes. Do not blush, Ida, when the object of this note is made apparent to you—perhaps, it will be unexpected, but be assured it is not made without due consideration. I have long been looking for a wife. I have an idea that I shall enjoy more in the married life with a congenial partner, than it is pos-

sible for me to do singly and alone. For months my eyes have rested on you as the ideal which my fancy dreams have portrayed. You must be aware that my means are sufficient to give you every indulgence—should you desire to attend upon fashionable pleasures every evening, you can do so. Our style of living will be equal to any ideas you may have formed as to making a paradise of home; works of art, tasteful designs, and all the requisites for an elegant home in the city, shall be placed at your command; nay, more, a cottage covered with woodbine and honeysuckles intermingled, shall be added, if your love of rural life craves it. I want a companion. I weary of reading and grow sick of conversation; but as I have no employment for my time, but to extract enjoyment from a life of ease, I am desirous of imparting my treasures to one who shall take the vacuity out of idleness, and minister to a mind and taste diseased and perverted. I think you will not have the disposition to reject the full offer of my hand and heart, when I assure you they are proffered to you, first of all the fairest of creation; and in return be assured all my wealth shall be freely expended to make us both completely happy. You shall know no more exposures in attending the sick nor ministering to the diseased, save to him who has a claim upon all your love. You will please communicate these thoughts to your parents, and give me an immediate answer to the subject. With much esteem,

“GEORGE SINGLEBY.”

And now we will look over Ida's shoulder and read a communication on the same subject, from Dr. Masters.

“MISS IDA ARCHER,—My friend, certainly you will allow me to call you such; but when I tell you how devotedly interested I have become in your history, and that I have so long enshrined your good deeds in my heart, that you are unspeakably *dear to me*, you may be surprised at the honest avowal. Then again it may seem presumptuous in me to make the disclosure that I desire that our lives may be linked together as one. True, I have no fortune to throw at your feet, no palace to invite you to occupy, no outward gifts with which I could bribe or allure you to myself; had I every one of them, I feel assured you would throw them away for the wealth of a disinterested love, and the pleasure that clusters about a true and manly heart, whose steady aim is to serve his fellow-men, and seek the favor of Heaven by an approving conscience.

“Ida, what say you to my proposal? What

if we *do* begin life relying upon our own exertions? Shall we be any the less happy for industriously improving our time and talents? What if you adorn no marble palace? Is there no contentment in a quiet simple home, where frugality without meanness and plenty with the handmaid of economy, sits at the social board? Life may not be one uniform holiday, but because we have the working days, will not the holidays be enjoyed with far greater zest? Think of these things, and remember when I pledge to you my affections, I feel they are committed to one who will not trifle; and should you refuse my request, you may find those who may proffer you more enviable distinctions as the world call them, but never, never, will a heart be found whose love will more uniformly flow to make you a happy wife, than his who asks in return your warmest sympathy and regard. From your devoted, HENRY MASTERS.”

And Ida gazed first at one and then at the other. She compared the sentiments together, and thus she soliloquized:

“So, Mr. Singleby, you imagine you should be happier with a wife? one who would minister to your idle fancies and become a sort of passive being, live in idleness, bask in pleasure, extract from ennui a balm of contentment, sit beneath rich and gorgeous drapery, chat with those whom wealth alone has elevated to high stations, and herein I am to find my happiness! And then in the rural cottage I may train the woodbine and honeysuckle just as fantastically as I please, hey? And better than all, from an entire life of ease, I am to extract the pleasures of Paradise. *No more exposure in administering to the poor and needy*; but all the wealth to be lavished upon *myself*, thus making me supremely selfish and happy of course. Poor mistaken man! Your money looks to me like a most worthless possession, with the heart that thus confines it to minister only to selfish gratifications. Think you, I could cure your weariness, or relieve the dull monotony of a life of idle and luxurious ease? O; no, the premises are all false—nothing would induce me to accept your offer. I cannot be victimized to sordid gold. I thank you for your offer, but totally reject it.

“And now, Dr. Masters, let me speak to you. Tell me not about ‘palaces’ or ‘outward distinctions.’ read the nobility of your heart. Do I not see your daily struggles, and have I not secretly felt what a triumph you have won by your untiring industry? Have I not heard the high encomiums of praise which fell from those of thy profession, which would have been

wishheld, had not thy splendid acquirements extorted their meed of praise? Yes, I will cheerfully link my fortune with thine; it shall be my delight to add to thy outward stores, and above all, we will improve our interior life, whence all true happiness has its foundation. Yes, Henry, I will encounter all the scorn of friendship, nay, even obloquy, and feel myself all the richer for having made the choice. And now I will go to my parents and lay open the whole matter."

Mr. and Mrs. Archer were sitting alone in their back parlor. Ida had a flushed cheek and a tremulous tone, but with a true, unshrinking desire to do her duty to all interested in her welfare, she read the two letters we have transcribed. Mr. Archer laid down his glasses, and looked pleased; then the mother inquired of her daughter if she had concluded which offer to accept? Her father answered, "of course the child is not a fool, mother? Sentiment is one thing, and talent is one thing, but real genuine cash is worth them all."

"If you were sick, father, which would you prefer, a bag of gold or a sympathizing friend at your side?" gently inquired Ida.

"Money will procure sympathy," tartly replied the old man.

"Yes, Ida," joined the fond mother, "your father and I have lived over what you have in prospect. We have known what money will give, and have felt what it will take away."

"Money with a miser's heart is no coveted possession by me, I assure you," replied Ida.

"If you reject George Singleby for Henry Masters, you deserve the consequences which will surely follow. With Singleby what a life is before you—not a want but will be gratified; nothing but live in wealth, go and come as you please."

"And," interrupted the mother, "you can travel in foreign parts—you know how much you have desired to do so—but with Henry Masters nothing but poverty awaits you. You must listen to a little reason."

"And who is so fit to give you suitable advice as your parents, Ida? Don't we wish to see you well settled in the world? and what a promotion it will give us all should you marry Singleby. Perhaps he would lend me a small capital to invest in my business; he might do it as well as not."

"But father would not ask me to give myself away, when my affections do not go with the act."

"Pshaw, nonsense! love will come fast enough when you have all your wants supplied. It isn't half the people marry for love. Didn't Mary Gray marry Captain Tweed for money?"

"And what a miserable life they lead," replied Ida. "He sends the servant man with her when she rides out, and stays at home to talk about her with his domestics."

"Well, there's Tom Hunter—he married a fortune, what of that?"

"Only that Tom has been a real loafer ever since," remarked the daughter. "Money, father, I tell you, is not everything in the married life. I begin to think that those who begin poor, and are frugal, after all end the best and often the richest. Now I do not mean to distress you, but it does seem to me I should be happier in a mean shanty, with Henry Masters, than in a palace with George Singleby. That is my present belief, and I cannot help expressing it."

Mr. Archer grew wrathful—he was vehement in his use of language. Ida shed tears, but did not change her convictions of duty. She left the room, and before midnight she wrote her refusal to George Singleby, and her acceptance of Dr. Masters!

The news soon spread of her decision, and then what scores of nice people deprecated that "a young girl should stand in her own light, and be so obstinate, and wilful, and blind to her own interest," and those who scrupled to tell her so, informed her parents of their feeling.

But Ida went on leading the same beautiful life, doing good wherever her hand found it to do, and if her purse was empty, the rich mine of wealth which a ready sympathy caused to flow made her the friend of the friendless and the widow's stay. Her parents were silenced by her example, and although they received Henry Masters with a cold reserve, yet they permitted him to enter their dwelling, contrary to the advice of many who would have sowed the seeds of discord.

George Singleby had now become engaged to Miss Herbert, the daughter of a rich wine merchant. He was about erecting one of the most splendid mansions, and the bride elect seemed to glory in her choice. She appeared in the richest attire, wore the most brilliant diamonds, always asserted that it was a falsehood that George ever thought of marrying Ida, and with a magnificent sense of importance, she dropped the acquaintance of the Archers, while she often gaily fluttered past their dwelling, looking from her coach windows.

Henry Masters, however, had so far accumulated property, as to justify him in the purchase of a horse and light buggy, with which his visits to his patients were greatly accelerated, besides the growing demands upon his time which his reputation was exciting far and wide kept him

continually busy; and with such an activity combined with prudence, daily gains begin to swell to quite an amount—so that at the end of the second year of his practice, his debts were all discharged, and several hundreds were invested.

The fame of his professional skill had been often re-echoed in the ears of the Widow Ashley since her husband's decease, and now that consumption had clearly marked her for a prey, she resorted to Dr. Masters for some palliative for the distressing cough and uncomfortable night sweats which attended her disorder. The doctor's manners were of that frank and cordial turn which at once invites confidence and excites cheerfulness; and in a short time Mrs. Ashley found his visits quite indispensable to her comfort. As she resided about a mile from the city, in a most elegant cottage, planned with true architectural taste, whose exterior and interior corresponded, and as her walks were adorned with flowers, the doctor invited Ida to accompany him in one of his excursions thither. Had an angel dropped from the celestial regions into Mrs. Ashley's dwelling, she could not have been more attracted by the sweetness and delicacy of her movements and conversation than with Ida Archer's. Perhaps we do not think enough of our manners in visiting the sick and melancholy sufferer. There is a gentle approach, a modulated tone, a quiet adjustment of ourselves, a winning and soothing way of speaking the right words, which linger long in the ears of the stricken, and the sweet vision stands by them in hours of wakefulness, and we feel the reality of such sympathy to mitigate much outward distress. This art was perfectly understood by Ida, and her first visit to Mrs. Ashley left an impress which never faded from her remembrance.

It was now advancing toward autumn, and Mrs. Ashley seemed declining. Her delightful house and grounds needed some one to superintend them, and to whom could she make the offer of taking them but to Dr. Masters? It came so opportune too, just as they desired to enter into the marriage state, but their prudent forethought concluded must be postponed on account of insufficient means, and it so accorded with their tastes, that no word of obligation was raised; besides, no outlay was required, for the kind old lady desired them to freely use all the furniture and entire contents of the dwelling, just as best suited them.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Archer raised but one objection, and that was, that a physician, whose practice was in the city, should not live in the suburbs; but the doctor had anticipated that, and

retained his office in the city, leaving a young student at night to attend to orders.

It was a curious fact, that George Singleby and Henry Masters fixed upon the same wedding-day without ever speaking to each other upon the subject—but Ida Archer was married in church, simply attired, and attended by a few select friends, while George Singleby and Miss Herbert stood in a most gorgeously furnished apartment, attended by scores of fashionable people, who came to gaze, admire and criticise. The wedding, however, deserved the reputation it received, as "a magnificent affair."

But the foundations for happiness were as different between the two brides as was their outward apparel. One was to be transferred to a palace, imagining that revelry and the gaudies of the hour made the zest of life, while the other felt that true peace must be lodged within; and in ministering to the need of her who had so generously placed her own comforts under her charge, she felt that life might be irradiated by the sunshine of sympathy, and the helping to bear one another's burdens.

Is it not wonderful that the experience of others so little impresses ourselves? Do we not always find the law of compensation fulfilled even here? As we sow, we certainly reap.

Two years from the date of the above marriages have passed away, and what do we now behold? In yonder marble palace a light is dimly burning, whose faint rays are just perceptible between the heavy folds of muslin drapery. There is stillness in that apartment—the physician is hurrying towards it at midnight—there is a deep anxiety upon his brow; his patient is Mrs. Singleby, who from continual exposures, has brought on an inflammation which it is feared may prove fatal. Strange as it may seem, her husband is at the "Club House." He has gone thither, as was his habit, just to see a few choice spirits and try the power of a game at billiards, to drive away "the blues" and make him forget his troubles at home. All winter long he has been plunged in gaiety—sometimes he has attended his wife, and sometimes he preferred "the Club;" there is the seal of the wine cup on his cheek, and a bloated exterior which denotes a life of sensuality and epicureanism quite revolting. But this very night he returns home to meet the physician just leaving his door. In the morning he cannot remember what was told him in the evening—but he awakes the next morning to hear the announcement that his wife is better; but he breathes no thanksgiving to Him who directs "the issues of death."

In a few days a dinner-party celebrates convalescence, and while the invalid wife is pillowed to look out in yonder garden, the merry shouts of revelry from below fall on her ears! She craves other sympathy besides her nurse and her physician, and the thought flits across her brain, why did I not marry for *love* instead of *money*? She cannot smother it—it comes again to her at midnight, when the massive door is opening and her husband is just entering. She looks upon those brilliant diamonds, her wedding gift. She craves something better than diamonds. She surveys that splendid apartment she occupies; but the poor woman whom she called upon to do some upholstery work, had only a neatly furnished room, and beside sat her husband full of good humor, and somehow such a vision strangely rises before her. She longs to get strong and go out in the world, and mingle in fashionable life, for such vapors will not annoy her then. George Singleby's life of luxurious ease is now envied by no one.

And there is the untenanted cottage, where the Widow Ashley lived, which Dr Masters inhabited two years ago. The widow is dead, and having no children to provide for, and no near relative, she selected the doctor as her heir, and made a will bequeathing him nearly the whole of her estate, estimated at twenty thousand dollars! But Masters's fame has reached a distant city, and he has been invited to accept a professorship richly endowed, in a large city. He has gone to enter upon his duties, but he has left behind him the affectionate regards of hundreds of patients. Now just let us take a look upon Ida

There is the poor crippled boy, Jamie, whom a rheumatic fever has left in a helpless condition. She fits him up a small room and stores it with a juvenile library ; then she places before him a little shelf attached to his easy chair, and directs him how he may amuse many a listless hour by writing from slips ; and a few school books are marked, assigning the lessons he must commit ere her return, and a few dollars are placed in his mother's hand for special emergencies, and so she kisses Jamie's pale cheek, and bids a kind farewell to his mother, and this family never doubts the ministry of angels.

Ida next knocks at the Widow Beman's—she has ordered her coal and groceries, provided her with plain sewing, caused the carpenter to cut an extra window, which will give the poor woman additional light and air, and then she says such comforting words that they will re-echo in

that heart until death stops its pulsations. And there are yet many others who share in her benevolence, whom the world has never known, struggling with small incomes, and these are annually provided for; and yet from the Ashley fund there is enough and to spare for herself—because she has no superfluous wants! Besides, she has not neglected her own parents,—those who felt she committed such a wrong by her marriage with Dr. Masters, they would fain forget it now; for since the world is according to him such splendid attainments they feel a pride in reckoning him as their son. Of George Singleby they would be ashamed. His wealth confers happiness on no one—and this has taught them that old precept, that marrying for money without affection, is a dangerous experiment.

“Yes, marrying for money,” although volumes have been written upon it, still can we not recall one and another who would never have made the choice they did, had only pure affection lighted the torch of love; and so they danced in the giddy round of a short honey-moon, and by-and-by the fires of passion were cooled, mere sentimentalism became stale, there were no reserved funds of inward resources—life became monotonous, domestic cares burdensome, and too late the mistake is discovered that the foundation of happiness which must be based on mutual respect, is wanting; and life is only *endured*, not *enjoyed*.

VIOLET LEE:
—OR,—
THE UNAPPRECIATED.

~~~~~  
**BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.**  
~~~~~

“WHERE can that child be?” said Mrs. Lee, as she dropped her work and stepped impatiently to the window. “It must be half an hour since school was dismissed. I suppose she is stopping to look at some butterfly or flower on the way on the way. She is the strangest child I ever saw, not anything like the other children. I am sure I don’t know what to do with her.”

“Do with her,” said Mr. Lee, starting up, “do with her, why give her a good sound whipping. I say the gal must be made to work, like the other children, or she’ll be no profit on the farm.”

“Whipping doesn’t seem to do the least good, for she will burst out into such a fit of crying, one would think her heart was going to break right off; and I’ve known her to sob all night. The other day I whipped her for bringing in a bunch of wild flowers to litter up the best room. To be sure she didn’t bring them in *there* again, but I went up into her room not long after, and there she had another bunch in an old broken pitcher on the window seat. There is no use trying to break her of such notion as I see.”

"This comes of the flagree name you gave her. I don't wonder, with the name of Violet, that she's crazy after all the posies she sees."

"Well, you know, husband, that was all Cousin Mary's doings, for when the child was scarcely three months old, she gave her a violet one morning, and she actually laughed out loud with delight, and Cousin Mary insisted that she should be called Violet."

"Well, well, she is just such another one, full of notions about every thing but what is useful. She would not make a farmer's wife by a great deal."

At this moment a hesitating little step was heard in the hall, and a timid little face peeped in at the door.

"So you have come at last," said Mrs. Lee, giving the child a rude shake; "where have you been all this while?"

"I have only been coming home from school another way, mother. The road was so dry and dusty, I thought I would come through the woods, as it is only a little farther."

"A little farther it is, full half a mile out of your way. This is another of your silly freaks, to come through those lonesome woods without

a soul with you, instead of coming home with the other children. What have you got in your hand, a mess more of weeds to clutter up the house?"

"Indeed, mother, they are not weeds, they are lilies of the valley. When I was gathering them it made me think of my lesson at the Sabbath school last Sunday. Our teacher told us what Christ said about the lilies of the field. She said he loved those little flowers, and why shouldn't I?"

"There, there, you have preached a sermon long enough this time. I want you to go over to Mrs. Jones's and carry home the basket she left here this afternoon. And mind you come home before dark. If you had come home with the other children, some of them might have done the errand; as you seem so fond of long walks I will give you enough of it this time."

With a tear dimming her blue eyes, Violet received the basket from her mother, and with weary feet began her walk of a mile to Mrs. Jones's. And hers was not a heart to retain its sadness long in the bright sunshine, and soon she was singing merrily along the road, her bird-like voice rivalling the sweet songsters of the wood she loved so well.

Leaving Violet to pursue her walk, we will give some account of the family of whom it would seem by the conversation of her parents, she is so unuseful a member. Harvey Lee was a farmer of considerable note in the village of Rockland. His was the best managed, the best tilled and the most thrifty farm to be found anywhere in the vicinity. This gave him no little consequence in the eyes of the villagers, who in their admiration of his superior farming, promoted him to the several offices of town clerk, committee of the school, a selectman, and so forth. To all of these offices he was about as well qualified as his youngest son, who, at the time of writing, had reached the interesting age of two years. He considered farming to be the great business of life, and looked with sovereign contempt upon every species of knowledge that had not some relation to his favorite pursuit. His wife, Susan Lee, was as notable for her thrifty management in doors, as her husband was in the field. Her butter was eagerly sought after, and not a matron in the village could excel her in the culinary department. They had five children, three sons and two daughters. Harvey, the eldest son, and the namesake of his father, was a sturdy, stout fellow of seventeen, who already manifested the admirable farming skill of his father, Nancy, the right hand of her mother in household matters, and a rosy-cheeked,

good-looking damsel as one would wish to see. To obtain a name for good housekeeping equal to that of her mother, was the height of her ambition, and she seemed on the high road towards attaining such an enviable reputation.

Edward, a lad of twelve, was a sore grief to his father, who found it an exceedingly hard matter to get an hour's work from him out of school hours. He was perfectly well acquainted with all the fishing ponds in the neighborhood, and also the best localities for hunting game, but as to actual work on the farm, it didn't suit his ideas at all. Next came our Violet, the sweet, blue-eyed, sensitive creature we have chosen the heroine of this little sketch. Her complexion was very fair, and her silken hair floated like sunny clouds about her snowy neck. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and in their liquid depths were hid inexhaustible fountains of feeling. Her parents had the usual amount of mutual affection for their children, but this lamb of their flock was entirely unappreciated. She seemed to move among the family like some rare garden exotic, delicately blooming among hardy wild flowers of the wood. Her intense love of the beautiful in nature, and her shrinking sensitiveness, were mysteries of the human mind her parents could not fathom.

Her little brother George, the youngest of the family, was the only one in the house that would condescend to be her companion in play. Hand in hand they would roam over the sweet fields and down by the shady brook, and deck each other with the wild flowers that bloomed on its banks.

"There is that Violet," said Mrs. Lee again, taking her post at the window, "standing like a stump on the hill yonder, and looking at I don't know what. I told her to get home before dark, and if she doesn't come, I will certainly punish her, that I will. I never shall be able to make anything out of her. There, she has started on her way again, and it is a lucky thing for her that she has."

"Violet has come, mother, Violet has come," said little George, bounding into the room; "I'm so glad, I guess she's got some flowers for me."

"Yes, I suppose you'll learn all her flummery, by-and-by. Well, Miss Violet, what did you see on the hill that you must stop and look at so long?"

"O mother, it was the most glorious sunset you ever saw. The great clouds were piled up one upon another, so that they looked like mountains made of pearl and all tipped with silver and gold. I could not help thinking, moth-

er, that I was looking upon some beautiful country a great way off. I never saw the clouds look so splendid."

"Nonsense, child, I guess when you've seen the sun set as many times as I have, you won't think it such a wonderful thing to see a few clouds with the sun shining on them. One would think your brain was turned to hear you talk; don't let me hear any more such nonsense. You will find your bread and milk in the kitchen, and when you have eaten it, go right to bed, for I want you to be up very early in the morning."

Having received such a chilling damper to her enthusiasm, Violet sought the kitchen with a heavy heart, and received her supper from the ungracious hands of Nancy, who did not fail to taunt her all the while she was eating, about being such a little fool as to stand gazing at a mess of red clouds, instead of coming home to her supper. Very glad was Violet to take her tallow candle, and retire to the apartment that had been appropriated to her use. She formerly roomed with Nancy, but was voted by her to be a bore, so she was assigned a part of the garret that was partially finished, where she was allowed to have undisputed sway, as scarcely any member of the family ever entered it but herself. Throughout this humble apartment the hand of taste was everywhere visible, and a broken pitcher that Violet had discovered among some rubbish, served her for a vase, and every day it was refilled with fresh flowers, bold, wild and uncultivated. "I wonder," soliloquized Violet, as she seated herself by the window, into which the full moon was pouring in all her splendor, "I wonder if it is such a very foolish thing to love to look at the splendid clouds at sunset, and all the beautiful things I see everywhere around me. I am sure my teacher at Sabbath school says God made all things, and it don't seem as though it could be any harm to love to look at them. But my candle is burning low, and I must read my psalm for the evening, or my teacher will be grieved at my neglect to obey her request and read a psalm every day in course."

The one for this evening happened to be the nineteenth, which began with these words: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work;" and further on she read, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." A light had suddenly dawned upon that young mind, and with a swelling heart and sparkling eye, she again sought the window and gazed with new pleasure on the moonlight scene before her.

Her admiration for the works of Nature had received a sanction from the words of Holy Writ.

"Now I know it is not wrong to love all these beautiful things," she said, "for they show forth the glory of God. I am so glad I happened to read this psalm this evening, it has made me feel so happy." A few days after, Violet received permission from her mother to take a stroll down by the brook, a little silvery stream that flowed not far from the house, and was her favorite resort. Tired of wandering about, she seated herself upon a grassy knoll on the bank of the stream beneath the shade of a broad spreading elm, and then taking out her sewing, she began to ply the needle very industriously, repeating aloud the while, a beautiful piece of poetry about a murmuring brook, that she had cut out of a newspaper, and committed to memory. So absorbed was she in her occupation, that she did not heed the footsteps of a stranger that had been attracted by the sound of her sweet voice, and gradually approached where she sat.

"So my little maid, you have come out this pleasant afternoon to enjoy the delightful shade of this grand old elm. I admire your taste, for certainly this is the loveliest spot about here I have seen this many a day."

Violet started at the sound of a strange voice, and her first impulse was to gather up her work and take refuge in flight, but as she caught sight of the mild benevolent face of a somewhat elderly gentleman, she remained seated, and timidly answered him:

"Yes sir, this was such a beautiful afternoon I thought I would take my seat under the old elm, and do my sewing."

"That was a sweet little bit of poetry you were repeating. I suppose it is some that your mother has taught you. I remember when I was a little boy my mother used to teach me poetry, and some of those little gems I haven't forgotten yet."

"Indeed, sir, my mother thinks it a great waste of time to read or learn poetry, and so does my father, but I like it so very much that when I can get away alone somewhere, I contrive to learn some, and this you heard me repeat was one I learned the other day."

"How can they consider the cultivation of poetry a waste of time, when everything around that God has made is so full of poetry? There is poetry in this lovely scene before us—in this murmuring brook, these waving trees, the deep blue sky above us—there is poetry everywhere!"

"O sir, you are the only person I ever heard talk so, except my Sabbath school teacher. They tell me at home I am very foolish when I speak of such things, and they think I am a foolish, good-for-nothing child."

"Where do you live, my dear—in the white house, yonder?"

"Yes sir. I am Harvey Lee's daughter, and my name is Violet."

"That is a sweet name; how would you like to come and be my little girl? I lost a daughter about as old as you are a few years ago, and I should like very much to take you as my own, for I have no children, now."

"I should like to live with you very much indeed, if my father and mother are willing, and I think they would be, for they often tell me I never shall be worth anything, and they don't know what to do with me. I can't work as hard as sister Nancy, but I try to be a good girl."

"Well, my dear, I will see your parents in about two hours from now. At present I must leave you, for I have some business to attend to."

Violet gathered up her work and returned to the house, and her little heart for the next two hours beat wildly with excitement.

"Mother," said Nancy, bursting into the room where Mrs. Lee sat, "as true as you live, there is that fine gentleman that has been staying at the tavern this two or three days past, talking with father, and they are coming into the house. What do you suppose he wants?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Run quick, Nancy, and get my best cap, and my bran new gingham apron, and mind you tell Violet to keep out of the way, for I should be terrified to death to have her make one of her silly speeches before him."

"Well, Susan," said Mr. Lee, "this gentleman, Mr. Brandon of New York, has seen our Violet out here by the brook, and has taken such a fancy to her, he wants to adopt her as his own. What do you say about it?"

"Wants to adopt Violet? Why she's the last one I should have thought of any one's wanting to take. She's the strangest child you ever saw, sir. Now there's our Nancy, I shouldn't have been at all surprised if you had picked out her, for she's called an uncommon smart girl. However, if you would like to have her, and her father is willing, I don't know as I have any objection. Of course she's my child, and I have maternal feelings towards her, but I must say I'm afraid you'll find her a terrible trial."

"O no," replied Mr. Brandon, "I am not at all afraid of having any trouble with her. I think I have discovered traits of character in her, that with cultivation, will make her all that a woman should be. As her father consented before we entered the house to let her go, if you were willing, I think the child better be called, and she shall decide the matter."

Violet entered with a trembling step and seated herself near the door.

"Come here," said Mr. Brandon, kindly, "your parents have consented that you may live with me. In the winter I live in the great city of New York, but in the summer, I have a fine residence on the banks of the Hudson river, where I have any quantity of flowers and beautiful trees; now do you think you would really like to leave your parents, and all your brothers and sisters, and go with me?"

"Yes sir, if you please, I should love dearly to live where there are so many beautiful trees and flowers."

"Well, Mr. Lee, I suppose we may consider the bargain as concluded, and to-morrow we will have the writings made out in legal form. You are to yield all claim to her, and henceforth her name shall be Violet Brandon."

The adoption of Violet by the fine gentleman at the tavern, was the talk of the whole village through its entire length and breadth, and all but her Sabbath school teacher wondered at his choice. She had discovered the beautiful gem that was hid from other eyes, and rejoiced that it was likely to be cherished and made to show its brilliant light. The appointed day at length came, and Violet, with her new father, bade adieu to all her friends in Rockland, who beheld her departure not only with tearless eyes, but even with a satisfied look that they had disposed of such an unprofitable child so well.

Violet was received by Mrs. Brandon with open arms, who immediately took the little timid stranger to her heart, and lavished upon her all a mother's fondness. And that night as Violet lay in her downy bed, and felt the affectionate good-night kiss of her new mother, she felt that she was in a new world, and almost feared to close her eyes, lest she should wake up and find it all a dream. She was immediately placed at school, and received every advantage that wealth or position could procure for her. And under the affectionate care and instruction of Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, her opening mind was filled with precepts of wisdom, and sound moral principles, that in future years would fit her to adorn any sphere in which her lot might be cast.

We will pass over the years of Violet's education, and look upon her again as a graceful, accomplished young lady of eighteen. Those deep blue eyes still speak out the language of the soul, and her beautiful brow bears the seal of a glorious intellect. Her hair, that once bore a sunny hue, has grown a trifle darker, yet her features wear the same innocent expression they did in childhood, the same that interested Mr.

Brandon so much when he first met her by the brook.

It was evening, and a brilliant assembly of the fashionable were convened at one of the most princely mansions of New York.

"So you have not got married during your long sojourn in the Quaker city," said the younger of the two gentlemen, that were engaged in conversation in a recess of one of the windows.

"No," replied his companion, "I shall never enter into the state matrimonial, until I can find a wife that has some pretension to a heart and soul, beneath a fashionable exterior."

"Why, Fred, you seem to intimate that the majority of our fashionable ladies are destitute of those useful appendages. Don't be so very uncharitable."

"It is too true, Henry, they are educated now-a-days not to be useful wives and mothers, but merely gandy butterflies of fashion, to glitter in the ball room, or lounge in idleness at home."

"Well, Fred, I must own there is too much truth in what you say, but there is one here in this goodly company that I think could bear even your severe criticism."

"Who is she? the lady dressed so simply in white, with no ornament save a rose-bud in her hair?"

"Yes, the very same. perceive she has already attracted your attention, and if you wish, I will introduce her as soon as there is a good opportunity."

"Do so, by all means. She is very lovely, and something tells me the beauty of her mind compares favorably with that of her face."

At this point in the conversation of the friends, a call was made for music, and one after another of the fair belles were conducted to the piano.

"You cannot deny that our ladies have superior talent for music," said Henry Eaton, again addressing his companion. "The brilliant execution of some of these difficult opera songs will convince you of that."

"Yes, they have talent, certainly, but it would suit my taste to see it employed differently. Give me some simple, soul stirring melody, that touches the heart, and causes it to vibrate to its strain of joy or sorrow. This is music such as I love. To hear a lady screech at the top of her voice, distorting her face most hideously, and growing red in the effort, and all because it is fashionable, thus to torture herself, appears to me supremely foolish."

"O Fred, you are incorrigible; but hush, there is Miss Brandon taking her seat at the piano. I hope she will not destroy the favorable

opinion you have formed of her by singing an opera song."

Violet ran her hands over the keys for a few moments, then burst into a wild, passionate melody, as beautiful as it was new. She sung with her whole heart thrown into her rich voice, and it had its effect upon the company, for when the last note died away, there were but few dry eyes.

"How beautiful, how touching!" exclaimed Frederick Stedman, with enthusiasm. "I must know more of this lady. What if I should find in her my long-sought ideal of a wife."

The last observation was mental, for had it been otherwise, his friend, Henry Eaton, would have watched his farther intercourse with Miss Brandon rather more closely than he could wish. As it was, he managed to procure an introduction to her, and also was favored with the privilege of escorting her home. This was the commencement of a more intimate acquaintance, and how far she realized his ideal will be seen hereafter.

Violet, a few months later, was sitting in her private room, an apartment that had been fitted up by Mr. Brandon especially for her use. Around her was all that her own exquisite taste could suggest, or wealth could procure, to make this a favorite retreat. She was sitting nervously turning over the leaves of a book, although it was evident her thoughts were far away from the printed page before her. At length, she received a summons to attend Mr. Brandon in the library, and with trembling step she sought him there.

"Sit down, Violet," said Mr. Brandon, leading her to a seat opposite him. "I wish to converse with you upon a subject affecting your happiness for life. Don't blush so, dear; I perceive you are already aware of the nature of my communication. Well, as I was about to say, a young gentleman, Frederick Stedman by name, has had an interview with me this morning, and asked me for your hand in marriage. Your heart," he says, "he believes is already his; now I wish to know if this is really the case, for never, with my consent, shall your hand be given, where your heart cannot accompany the gift. I have seen enough misery in the world from such unnatural alliances."

"Dear father, he has told you truly," replied Violet; "my heart has long been his, and should you sanction my choice, I shall be supremely happy."

"I am glad, my dear, you have spoken so frankly, and now permit me to congratulate you upon the conquest you have made. I perceived

that Mr. Stedman was rather particular in his attentions to you, and I made many inquiries concerning him, and was most agreeably surprised to find he was the son of a most intimate college friend of mine, that I had lost all trace of for many years. I can see he inherits all the noble qualities of his father, and to no one else would I so willingly entrust my sweet, wild flower I found blooming in the shade. I am confident, Violet, that he appreciates you, and you know by the experience of your childhood, how necessary this is to your happiness."

"I do indeed, for never, until you took me to your home and heart, did I know the luxury of speaking the thoughts that would come into my mind, into a kindred ear. To speak of the beauty of a flower, or admire a strain of poetry, and not be laughed at for my folly, seemed so strange at first. I never can be grateful enough to you, and my dear adopted mother, for all your kindness to the little one you met so fortunately by the brook."

* * * * *

It was a bright pleasant day in early autumn, when a group of villagers might be seen, idly lounging about the somewhat antiquated structure that served as the only hotel of Rockland. They were anxiously watching for the mail stage; soon to their great satisfaction, that clumsy vehicle came rolling along through a cloud of dust to the door of the hotel. A gentleman and lady alighted, and scarcely had they entered the house, when the whole group, to whom they were strangers, forthwith began to speculate upon who they could be, where they came from, and how long they were going to stay. Sally Jones, who held the office of chambermaid in the establishment, said she guessed they were just married, and Mrs. Emery, who had dropped in a few moments before, hearing the remark, set off as fast as her powers of locomotion would allow, to tell her neighbor, the grocer's wife, that a stylish bridal party had put up at the hotel. She in turn communicated the fact to Aunt Hester, the venerable spinster of the village, and so before two hours had elapsed, all the inhabitants of Rockland were apprised of the astonishing fact, that two persons had actually put up at the hotel.

The family of Harvey Lee had experienced but few changes since the departure of Violet, except the marriage and settlement in their vicinity of their eldest son and daughter, the two most promising members of their family, at least so their parents thought. Young Harvey had taken a farm adjoining his father's, and Nancy had recently become the mistress of a great es-

tablishment, where she bustled about with all the dignity of a matron, and drove a great business in the dairy line. On the afternoon of the day when such an event had taken place in Rockland, Mrs. Lee, after having finished her chores, as she called them, had seated herself in her sitting-room, and began busily plying the needle. She was wishing mentally that somebody would come in, when Mrs. Jones, her confidential neighbor, unceremoniously entered.

"Good afternoon, Miss Lee, you see I was out a spell this afternoon, and I thought I'd drop in here on my way home."

"I am so glad you did, I was just wishing somebody would come in, for I haven't heard a word of news I don't know when."

"La me, then I'm jist the one you ought to see. You haint heard about the bridal folks up to the tavern, then?"

"Mercy, no. Who's got married now? There wasn't any publishments up in the meeting-house last Sunday, for I looked partickelar."

"O dear, it isn't anybody round here. They are some strangers that's staying at the tavern. Sally, you know, is chambermaid there, and she sent me word by Aunt Hester. I've been meaning to go and see the landlady this long while, so I thought I'd take my knitting-work this afternoon and go, and perhaps I should get a glimpse of the strangers."

"Well, did you make out? Do let us hear."

"Yes, I see 'em, and I tell you what, Miss Lee, they are the handsomest couple that ever stepped their foot into the town of Rockland. I had a real good sight at 'em, and she's as handsome as a picture, and la, what a step she had. She's a real born lady, and no mistake."

"What's their name, and how long are they going to stay?"

"I believe Aunt Hester said it was Stedman, or Stanley, or some such name. Nancy could not find out how long they were going to stay. But, mercy on me, Miss Lee, as sure as you're a livin' woman, there they are, coming straight towards your house."

"And such a looking cap as I've got on, too," said Mrs. Lee, in great consternation. "Since Nancy got married, I haint had nobody to fix me up."

"Now you see if you hadn't give away Violet, she would have been grown up by this time, and able to help you."

"Yes, I know it, Mrs. Jones, if she'd had any gumption about her, but you know what a queer child she was. O dear, there are those folks knocking at the door. What can they want here?"

"Is Mr. or Mrs. Lee in?" said the gentleman, as the door opened.

"I am Mrs. Lee, sir, wont you and the lady please to walk in? I sat right down after dinner ust as I was, and you must excuse my looks, for I've had a power of work to do to-day."

"No apology is due on your part," said the gentleman; "it's we who have made bold to enter your house as strangers, who ought to apologize. Our name is Stedman; my wife thought she could not leave Rockland without seeing you."

"Without seeing me! I think there must be a mistake, somewhere," said Mrs. Lee, addressing the lady. "I don't know as I ever saw you before."

"Did you not have a daughter Violet?" said the gentleman, "whom you gave away to a Mr. Brandon?"

"La, yes, and I haven't heard from her this long time. I spose they knew you was coming through Rockland, and wanted you to call. Do tell us how she is, and if she's got over them foolish ways she had when a child."

The lady could restrain her feelings no longer, but approaching Mrs. Lee, she said, in a tremulous voice:

"Don't you know me, mother. Don't you know your long lost Violet, [your foolish child, as you used to call her? "

"Well, I never," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Lee simultaneously, holding up both hands, while the tears actually dimmed the eyes of the latter. "That I should live to see this day! It doesn't seem to me you can be Violet Lee that was. So grand looking, and such a lady. Now I thought our Nancy had made out uncommon marrying that ere Stephen Morse, but I declare you have beat the whole on 'em."

"I am glad, mother, if I have exceeded the expectations you formed of me when a child. I thought, as we are going to take up our residence in a western city, I should like to see the old homestead once more, the scene of my early rambles."

"You aint going to leave us right off, now, that is too bad," said Mrs. Lee. "I'll tell you what, you must stay here all night, and I'll have Harvey and his wife over here, and Nancy and her husband, and now I think of it, Edward and George, who've been out to work this week, are coming home to-night, so you'll see all on 'em at once. I sha'n't think of letting you go to-night."

Violet could not restrain her tears to hear herself thus cordially pressed to stay in the house, where she once was considered so out of place. As they were not expecting to leave until the afternoon of the next day, Violet and

her husband did stay, and employed their time until nearly dark, in rambling about all her favorite haunts in childhood. She stood with a swelling heart beneath the old elm by the brook, where she first saw Mr. Brandon, and among the rest of her wanderings, she did not forget to visit her garret chamber, which to her great joy remained precisely as she had left it. It was a happy family gathering at Harvey Lee's that evening, and the parents, proud of their once stupid, uncared-for child, strove by oft-repeated expressions of admiration to atone for the neglect of former years. George had not forgotten the sister of his childhood, but kissed Violet over and over again, and was made happy as a king when she promised to educate him at her own expense if he wished a profession. Violet started the next day with her husband for their western home, where they were to meet Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, who were going to spend the remainder of their days with their beloved children. There were many tears shed by the Lee family at this parting from Violet, and although she felt deeply grateful that they had at last acknowledged her "to be grown up to be worth something," yet she could not help feeling that as far as her character, the deep-workings of her heart, were concerned, she was still, and ever would be by them, unappreciated.

THE WEST POINT CADET.

BY H. W. LORING.

MRS. HELEN BOLTON was married to a man she adored, a man whom she, the belle of two seasons, had distinguished amidst a throng of suitors, more or less disinterested, and more or less distinguished. He was handsome, accomplished, intellectual, of irreproachable morals, and independent fortune. Their tastes agreed perfectly. She was, like himself, tired of city life and the frivolities of fashion, and gladly learned that it was her husband's desire to reside the whole year round at his beautiful estate, Linden Villa, which was situated on the lordly Hudson, some sixty miles above New York.

Linden Villa was built in the Italian style, and covered a great extent of ground. The grounds were laid out with exquisite taste, according to the most approved principles of landscape-gardening. In the training of the trees, and their picturesque groupings on the lawn, and in the meadow, the hand of art was dexterously concealed, and it seemed as if nature alone, in her most genial mood, had piled and balanced those pyramids of verdure—shaded the rivulet just where it wanted shade, crowned the summit just where a feathered crest was needed against the dark blue sky, and permitted those glimpses of the noble river just where it wooed the eye most lovingly. There were grape-houses and conservatories, beneath whose high transparent roofs an artificial summer reigned when all without was bleak and desolate. The rooms of the mansion were spacious. The broad hall was floored with many-colored woods; the drawing-room was lofty and richly-decorated; there was a fine library, and a picture-gallery, where one might pass days without a wish to stir abroad. Some half-a-dozen fine horses for riding and driving, occupied the stables. In a word, the establishment and its style were such as few gentlemen can boast of—it was the home of opulence and taste.

Of course its lovely mistress was happy? We shall answer that question by laying before the reader a copy of a letter, marked "very private and confidential," and addressed to a married cousin—a wild, dashing, harum-scarum creature, who lived some ten or twenty miles off.

MRS. HELEN BOLTON TO MRS. MILLICENT MARSAT.

"Linden Villa, Sept. 1, 185—.

"MY DEAR MILLICENT,—You ask me if I am happy, and I will try to answer you with all the frankness that your fidelity, friendship, kind-

ness and trustworthiness inspire. Without being the most miserable woman on the face of the earth, I am far from being content. When you saw our place, you called it a perfect paradise; had you have seen my Henry, who was then away from home, you would have envied me my lot, though yourself married to the man of your heart. But you will see him—you must see him, for I rely on you for the execution of a project I have conceived.

"Briefly then: though my husband is all in all to me—though I never regret the gay society I resigned for his sake, to enjoy his company,—I begin to fear that I am not all in all to him. He appears to me *distract*; shall I say it?—indifferent. Once—that was before we were married—he would change color if I accepted the hand of another in a ball-room. Now I may flirt with the young parson, who drops in occasionally of an evening—and who, by the way, is a very pleasant man—without causing him the slightest uneasiness. He seems to have no desire to monopolize my attention, and he passes many hours away from me that I know he might spend in my company. Those odious books! and above all those miserable mathematics? Do you know that I begin to think that the caliph, who burned the library of Alexandria, was a very sensible person? The ladies of Alexandria were certainly very much indebted to him. The other day, at the breakfast table, I had been reading him a long account of the latest Parisian fashions, he, all the while, gazing on me, his hand resting on his chin, looking the picture of intelligence and attention; but when I asked him what he thought of the dress introduced by the Duchesse of Montpensier, for evening costume, he replied: 'The solidity of a truncated triangular prism is found by adding together the altitudes of the three vertices of the inclined section, and multiplying their sum by one third of the area of the base;' and I found his head had been running on that paltry geometry all the time.

"Now, dear Millicent, the question is—have I lost his heart or not? That is the problem to be solved, as he would say in his horrid mathematical jargon. Desperate cases require desperate remedies. Now you, and you alone, can aid me. My poor weak head, after a week's labor, has concocted the following scheme; and I know you to be as daring in execution as I am ingenious in planning. I know you, too—excuse me for flattering—to be the wildest little madcap living, and that marriage has not tamed you in the least, but only taught you the necessity of concealing your eccentricities. Didn't you, at the boarding school, out of revenge for the short

commons on which she kept us, shoot Madame Vinaigre's parrot, and compel the cook, on pain of being horsewhipped, to serve it up to her with claret sauce? Did you not rob Mr. Vandover's melon patch? But why rehearse those exploits?

"The time seems fitting for my grand *complot*, as our old French teacher would say. Your husband is away—you must needs be lonely—come to Linden Villa. But you must not come as Millicent Marsay, but as a gallant cavalier, lured hither by the attraction of my bright eyes; not as yourself in short, but as your brother, Dick Reynolds, the West Point cadet. You told me that he left his uniform at your house when he went off to pass his vacation at the White Mountains. Don't scruple, then, to don the regimentals. There is no company at our house, and you will only be seen by my husband, myself, and the servants. You must flirt with me desperately, and try the effect on Bolton. If you arouse his jealousy, all my doubts will vanish into thin air, and I shall be the happiest of women. Let the answer to this letter be your dear self.

"Adieu, with much love, HELEN."

On the afternoon following the day on which this private and confidential epistle had been despatched, a handsome young fellow—apparently—in uniform, was presented by Mrs. Bolton to her husband, as her cousin, Mr. Richard Reynolds of the West Point Academy.

"My dear sir, I am very happy to see you," said Bolton, shaking his (her) hand cordially. "I have often heard my wife speak of you, and desired to know you for her sake and mine. It is a great pleasure to meet a gentleman from a school so famous for mathematical proficiency. I shall ask your aid, at your leisure, in the solution of a few problems—"

"O, hang mathematics!" cried the youngster. "We're bored enough with them at the Point in term-time. I've no idea of spending my vacation over triangles and quantities."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated Bolton, gently, "don't you think the study of mathematics one of the most important of pursuits?"

"No, my boy!" cried the young gentleman, slapping his host on the back. "Give me war, wine, and the ladies."

"But war is nothing without mathematics."

"Hang mathematics! I say again," cried the young hopeful. "That's for the engineer department. Give me a fleet horse and a sharp sabre, and the smile of a sweetheart as lovely as Helen, and I care for nothing else.

'His horse and his sword,
And his lady, the peerless,
Are all that are prized
By Orlando the fearless.'

By the way, I hear you have some good bits of blood in your stable—I shall try their mettle to-morrow. I brought a pair of Rippon spurs in my pocket—and I mean to give your nags the gaffs to-morrow. No slow coaches for me! I have had enough of spavined nags at the Point."

"Anything of mine is at your service, sir," said Mr. Bolton, with a stately bow.

"I can hardly realize," said the young soldier, turning his back on Mr. Bolton, "that you are married, Helen. Do you remember the last evening we passed together?"

"Can I ever forget it, Dick!" replied the lady.

"It seems you did forget me," said the young cadet, pointing to Bolton.

"My dear," said Mr. Bolton, "since you have company to amuse you, I trust you and your cousin will excuse me. "I am calculating the area of some irregular solids, and I hate to lose a moment."

Mrs. Bolton gave the required license, and the husband vanished into his study.

"How did I play my part, dear Helen?" asked the cadet.

"Admirably, Millicent; but how provokingly cool Henry was."

"I am piqued at his behaviour," replied Millicent, "and will do my best to shake his philosophy."

"We will flirt all the evening," said Mrs. Bolton.

"That we will," replied Millicent, gaily; "and we'll snub him most outrageously."

"Here comes my maid, Prudence—a terrible prying old thing; she'll help the plot along by telling tales of me to Mr. Bolton," said Mrs. B.

The ladies were sitting together on the sofa, and Millicent had her arm round Helen's waist. Mrs. Prudence, a thin, sharp nosed demoiselle of fifty, stopped at the doorway, and uttered a little scream as she beheld them.

"I spose I'd better not come in, mim," she said. "I begs your pardon for intruding; but I wanted to ask you if you would have tea now."

"O, come in, Prudence—this is only my cousin. Is tea ready?"

"Yes, mim," replied the maid, primming up her parched lips.

"Then tell Mr. Bolton."

"Yes, mim. I hopes you bear me no malice, mim, for coming in without knocking. I didn't know there was a young gentleman with you."

"Go away, Prudence, and deliver my errand."

Prudence tripped away, and tapped with her nails at the study door. Receiving no reply, she employed her knuckles, and that producing no effect, she opened the door and walked in.

"Missis says as how supper's ready, and you are wanted directly, sir."

"Tell her not to wait for me," replied Bolton: without raising his eyes from the sheet of strange hieroglyphics that lay before him on the table.

"Perhaps you doesn't know as how there's a young gentleman to tea."

"Yes, yes—my wife's cousin."

"I am glad it's her cousin, sir. I was in hopes, sir,—if you'll excuse me for the sentiment,—I was in hopes that it was her brother."

"Why so, Prudence?"

"I never tells tales out of school."

"But I choose to be answered when I ask a question," said Bolton, raising his eyes from his paper. "I ask you why you hoped it was her brother?"

"Cause, sir."

"Answer!"

"I prefer not to," said the waiting-maid, tantalizingly.

Mr. Bolton rose and took hold of her sharp shoulder.

"Let me go, sir!" said the handmaiden, sharply. "I'm not used to be treated like I was a nigger. If I am a servant, I has my rights."

"You observed," said Mr. Bolton, calmly, sitting down, "that you wished the young man had been my wife's brother. You can explain your meaning, or leave the room—I am indifferent which."

"Well, sir,—if I must speak out,—I thinks that when young gentlemen has their arms about ladies' waists, and them is married ladies, sir, they ought to be their wives, or leastways, their sisters."

"Umph! so this young gentleman had his arm round Helen's waist?"

"I see it with my own eyes, sir."

"Pshaw! he's only her cousin. I'll go right down to supper."

Mr. Bolton was very attentive to his wife at the table, but not so attentive as the cadet, nor did the object of his gallantry receive his *petits soins* with the same pleasure she manifested at those of her cousin. Their eyes met often; they smiled on each other, and they whispered together. Mr. Bolton began to be uneasy. When the table was cleared, he did not retire as usual to his study, but remained on the field, watchful and alert. The evident success of their plot redoubled the malice of the conspirators, and when Bolton retired for the night, he was a decided victim of the green eyed monster.

"O, woman! woman! inexplicable riddle!" he muttered to himself. "Starve her, maltreat her, and she clings to you like a dog!—surround

her with every luxury, grant her every wish, and her heart turns from you with contempt! O, Helen! Helen! little did I expect this from you!"

The next morning he rose feverish and unhappy, and he certainly passed a miserable day, for the conspirators, wishing to make assurance doubly sure, counterfeited, with cruel skill, the phases of an absorbing mutual passion. That evening Bolton passed shut up in his study, a prey to despair. It was ten o'clock when he heard a light tap at the bay window that opened on the piazza.

"Who's there?" he asked, as he undid the fastening.

"Hush!—not a word; it's only I," replied a voice.

"And who are you?" asked Bolton, gruffly.

"Your old friend—Ned Marsay."

"Come in, Ned—come in. What brought you here at this hour? And how's your wife?"

"Why, you know better than I do. You have seen her later."

"I seen her! You know I haven't seen her at all yet."

"But she's been in your house two days."

"You're mad."

"Not a bit of it. Hear me," replied Marsay. "I left her to go to Boston, on business, expecting to be absent a fortnight. However, I despatched my affairs in two days, and hastened home, for I am so young a husband that absence is a painful affair to me. Judge of my surprise when I found that she had gone off, no one knew whither. I was at a loss to know what was the cause of this escapade, when, as luck would have it, I found a letter, which she carelessly left in her dressing-room, from your wife, and which explained everything. Here it is."

Bolton eagerly caught the letter, the same with which the reader is already acquainted, and perused it eagerly. After reading it, he handed it back to Marsay, with a hearty laugh.

"By Jove! Ned," said he, "I'll turn the tables on them, and pay them for this. Will you forgive me if I should give your wife a thorough scare?"

"I doubt if you can scare her," replied Marsay, laughing. "She's as bold a creature as ever fired a fowling-piece without winking, or put her horse over a five-barred gate. She deserves a lesson for this last freak. Why, she out-bloomers Bloomer. In regimentals!—only think of it."

"Well, I have a plan if my head for bringing her into subjection," replied Bolton, smiling.

"But you'll sleep here to-night?"

"No, I'll go back to the tavern."

"Very well—perhaps that's best. Come round here to-morrow morning early."

"Well, then, good night," said Marsay. "I'll cut across the lawn." And the two friends separated.

The next morning Mrs. Marsay was walking by herself in a little wood back of the villa, when she was suddenly encountered by Bolton.

"Well met, young gentleman," said he, very sternly.

"You rise early," said Millicent, carelessly.

"I always do when I have business on hand," was the reply.

"Pardon me," said Millicent, "I thought Mr. Bolton a man of elegant leisure, who despised business, and was fortunate enough to have none on his hands."

"The care of my honor is sufficient business."

"Plait-il? I do not understand you," said Millicent, coolly.

"Tell me, sir," continued Bolton, "were you not well received at my house?"

"My dear Helen was certainly very glad to see me," answered Millicent; "but you began to bore me with your angles and hypothenuses as soon as you were presented to me. You were *diablement ennuyeux, mon cher*."

"Yet my house and all it contained were placed at your service. I allowed you to ride my horses, shoot over my dogs, and ransack my graperies."

"And I availed myself of the privilege, sir. I ran your horses, astonished your pointers, and ruined your graperies. What more would you have me do? I couldn't empty your cellar—I have no head for drinking."

"You have forgotten one thing in the catalogue of your exploits, sir."

"Name it."

"I did not give you *carte blanche* to make love to my wife."

"No, indeed! for that was my duty to a pretty woman, neglected by her husband. *Cela va sans dire*."

"Sir, you have abused my hospitality."

"Sir, you bore me. I would be alone."

"This insolence is too much!" said Mr. Bolton; "and let me tell you that I have come here to chastise you—to demand satisfaction. You are a soldier—you know what that means."

"Of course," replied Millicent, a little fluttered. "Well, we'll see about that—we'll arrange time, weapons, and place."

"Wherever I meet my foe, there I make my battle-ground!" answered Bolton. "There is no time nor place like the present; and for weapons, here are a pair of hair-triggers;" and he

produced a brace of duelling-pistols as he spoke.

"Hold!" cried Millicent, turning pale; "this is carrying a jest too far. Mr. Bolton, forgive me. I have been playing a cruel trick on you; I am not what I seem; I am no soldier—no man,—but a wild, self-willed woman."

"A woman!" cried Bolton, with a derisive laugh. "This is the quintessence of impudent ingenuity. Foiled in your hopes of impunity, deceived in your reckoning of my blindness and indifference, you seek to escape by an incredible falsehood. Come! take your weapon and your distance!"

"Mr. Bolton!" shrieked Millicent, thoroughly alarmed, "I am not deceiving you now. I am your friend's wife; I am that Millicent Marsay of whose mad freaks you have doubtless heard so much. O, if my husband were only here, he would confirm the truth of all I have stated!"

"You hear her, Marsay!—come forth!" cried Bolton. And Mr. Edward Marsay stepped forward from a screen of bushes, which had served to conceal him. "Do you acknowledge this lady to be your true and lawful wife?"

"I do," replied Marsay, taking the repentant sinner in his arms; "though it is hard to believe my eyes when I see her in that dress."

"I will never assume it again, Ned," said the lady, half sobbing, half crying.

To make a long story short, the parties returned to breakfast at the villa. Mrs. Bolton was cured of her doubts, Mrs. Marsay of her love of masquerading, while Bolton made his peace by promising in future to be a little less studious, and a little more attentive.

ENERGY.

See how that fellow works! No obstacles too great for him to surmount; no ocean too wide for him to leap; no mountain too high for him to scale. He will make a stir in the world and no mistake. Such are the men who build our railroads, dig up the mountains in California, and enrich the world. There is nothing gained by idleness and sloth. This is a world of action, and to make money, gain a reputation, and exert a happy influence, men must be active, persevering and energetic. They must not quail at shadows, run from lions, or attempt to dodge the lightning. Go forward zealously in whatever you undertake, and we will risk you anywhere and through life.—*N. Y. Picayune*.

He that has the fewest faults, has comparatively none at all; no man has more faults than he that pretends to have none.

THE CUIRASSIER OF SALAMANCA :

—OR,—

THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S REVENGE.

~~~~~  
BY CHARLES H. WAITE.  
~~~~~

THE seventh coalition against Bonaparte was formed, and the Spanish peninsula had become the scene and centre of all the horrors attendant on savage and unrelenting war.

Castile, once the garden of Spain, where every thing invited to indolent repose—where the senses were lulled by the rustling of groves, and the murmurs of running streamlets—where the ripening pomegranates and the thickets of myrtles, citrons and oranges delighted the eye, and where the sweet tones of the lute were wont to greet the ear at eventide—had been ravaged by a desolating, foreign foe. The heart saddened as the eye roamed over that once beautiful and opulent land,—now stripped of its waving fields of grain, and smoking with the ruins of those cities renowned in Moorish story.

Vast plains, destitute of tree or shrub, appeared on every side, surrounded by long mountain ranges, mottled with variegated marbles and granites, around whose cliffs the vulture and the eagle wheeled, ready at any moment to pounce upon their unsuspecting victims.

Yet amid all this desolation, engulfed in the bosoms of the mountains, were the most beautiful and verdant valleys, where the desert and the garden strove for the mastery—and where the very rocks were covered with carpets of velvet turf, from which sprang the fig or orange tree.

A stranger was sauntering among the mountain passes of the Contalpine, now scrambling up a rough ascent, and now leaping across a chasm in the earth, made by some giant convulsion of nature, when suddenly, as he stood upon a massive granite boulder which was detached from

the native rock, his eye rested upon a thick column of smoke which was slowly ascending from behind a neighboring peak. The young man was armed, and his armor betokened him an officer in the Cuirassiers of the Old Guard of Napoleon. Considerably above the ordinary height—broad shouldered, and deep chested, his every motion showed that he was still possessed of grace and flexibility of limb. His large black eye was animated with the excitement of his ramble, and his noble features lighted up with a smile of disdain, as he looked towards that black column, which, rising higher and higher, spread itself in a cloud over the top of the mountain.

“ ’Tis not then the soldiers of the Little Corporal alone, who lay waste the fair hills of Spain. But I must be away and ascertain what new marks of love the British have been showing the peasantry of Castile !”

Thus saying, he turned, and leaping chasms and creeping along narrow footpaths on the very edges of precipices, he pushed on, gained the peak behind which he had seen the smoke ascend, when to his surprise he found himself separated from it by still another cliff. Still on he pushed, slowly he descended, clinging to the boughs of old trees, and dislodging constantly fragments of rocks, which, falling into the torrents below, awaken echoes on every side.

After every obstacle is surmounted, he sees below him the smouldering ruins of the pleasant village of Navaladid, over which the clouds of smoke still hung. Slowly he approaches the scene of desolation, and stopping before the mouldering remains of a cottage which had been somewhat larger than its fellows, gazes sadly on the scene before him.

Here lay the body of an old gray-haired man, his white locks clotted with gore, and his skull struck open by a blow from a musket. But dearly had the murderer paid for that blow, for amid the ashes, he lay all covered with dirt and gore, his right arm still grappling in death the murderous musket, and the life blood slowly oozing from his ghastly wounds.

Sickened by the sight, he was about to leave the spot, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a fair vision stood before him. A strange picture it was—that fair young Spanish maiden, as she stood among those blackened ruins—her black eyes flashing, her arched nostrils dilating, her short thin lips quivering with passion, and her right arm brandishing a dagger which glistened in the sunlight. It seemed as if she had risen from the ground, so suddenly and noiselessly had she appeared upon the scene. Unconsciously the young man's hand grasped the

hilt of his dagger, but ere he had drawn it, the maiden disregarding the movement, said:

"Stranger, this sight of blood disgusts even you, who are accustomed to the shock and roar of battle. Follow me, and I will show you something to excite your horror!"

"Whither would you lead me?" asked the young man, in the pure dialect of Castile.

"To yonder ruined castle, perched upon that cliff where those two crags approach each other."

"It is well," replied the soldier, quietly following her, while he brooded over the scene he had just witnessed.

A few moments' walk through the charred and deserted village brought them to a winding and precipitous path, up which the maiden sprang, and bade her companion follow. Quickly the young officer sprang to her side, and together they passed the crumbling gateway of an old feudal castle.

Crossing the court and ascending a flight of crumbling stone steps, they stood within the ancient hall of the castle. The place had been used for the church, and at the farther end stood the altar. Before it lay the body of a young man weltering in blood. The floor was slippery and the altar itself was bespattered and bedaubed.

Bewildered and astonished at the scene, the soldier looked to the maiden for an explanation. In a voice husky with passion, she said:

"He was slain there! The traitorous Briton, like a coward, struck him as he kneeled before the altar! Would that he were here! I would tell him of 'the D'Aguilar of the dagger,' who stabbed herself! I would tell him that the same dagger that poured out her life blood should in the hand of another find a fitter sheath in his own dastard heart!"

"Maiden," said the Cuirassier, "deep must have been the wrong done thee, thus to allow revenge to take so deep a hold upon thy thoughts. It was a dark deed, that demands redress!"

"General Deroche, although you know me not, still you are known to me. I saw you as you bounded from cliff to cliff, and my heart beat fast within my breast, for I knew you were both brave and honorable. Harken to me! He," pointing to the body, "was dearer to me than life. He was my betrothed. Say not then that my anger is too fierce!" Thus saying, she drew Deroche towards the cross behind the altar, and placing his hand upon the emblem, spake in a voice more like that of a spirit of the tomb, than mortal:

"If thou wouldst avenge a helpless maiden, swear by that sacred symbol to pursue the foul assassin to the death!"

Moved by the solemnity of the place, and the terrible energy of her voice, as it resounded through the lofty arches and decayed ceiling of the hall, the astonished general slowly pronounced the words: "I swear!"

Scarcely had they passed the portals of his lips, when she dropped upon her knee before him, and clasping her hands, exclaimed:

"Isabella D'Aguilar blesses you for that vow!"

Inexpressibly lovely did she look, as she gazed with her dark lustrous eyes, bordered by their long lashes, and shaded by their jetty brows, into the frank and handsome countenance of her companion. Her dress was in perfect harmony with her beauty. A tightly fitting *casaca* of green velvet encircled her waist. Below it fell a skirt of the finest silk, while from beneath its drapery peeped a tiny foot of which the ancient Gaditana might have been proud.

"Arise, fair lady," said the gallant cavalier. "It becomes you not to kneel at the feet of your inferior."

As he spoke, the beautiful Isabella rose, and he continued:

"Now tell me, whose life blood am I to spill. For first must the villain be known, before my vow can be fulfilled."

"Know then," said the maiden, her voice trembling with emotion, "the assassin was the proud and haughty Stanley, the General of the English Cuirassiers!"

"Tis well," answered Deroche, his dark eye flashing, and his frame quivering with suppressed passion. "I too well remember that the coward attacked and killed a wounded and unarmed brother, and this arm shall not sheath the sword, until it has drunk his life blood! But now, fair maiden, farewell! Yet hear my vow; before another moon shall change her disk, Isabella D'Aguilar shall be avenged!"

"Farewell," echoed the maiden, pressing his extended hand. "Farewell, and may God and the holy virgin bless you!"

Long did she gaze after him, as he hurried along the winding path and gained the mountain side, until his form disappeared behind the naked and broken summit of the distant crag, over which hung the sunset clouds. A tear stood in her eye as she left the spot, and as the last rays of the sun poured into the dilapidated windows of the castle, that village, so lately filled with joyous and happy hearts, was indescribably silent and desolate. The destroyer had done his work.

For two days the armies of Portugal had been upon the march. Crowds of hussars, like hun-

gry Cossacks hung around their flanks, while ever and anon the cannon opened their mouths, and the swift ball ploughing up the earth, made huge gaps in their ranks. Still within musket shot of each other, in one solid wall, and presenting the same resistless barrier of steel, those mighty armies marched on, straining every nerve to outstrip each other.

But their tired limbs were to be rested—for it soon became evident that the “battle of manoeuvres” was ended. Marmont had outgeneraled his enemy, and Wellington must retreat.

The sun sank behind the purple mountains of Contalpine, and spread a stream of effulgent light over the valley of the Duero, while the distant Guarena, covered with a sultry vapor that caught the setting rays, seemed to spread out in the distance like a golden sea. Not a breath of air disturbed the silence of the hour—not a sound was heard except whenever and anon the music of the bands floated through the silent air, as they played some stirring march to cheer the drooping spirits of the soldiers.

At length the moon appearing in full splendor above the distant mountains, poured her flood of tempered light upon the snow-white tents that covered the mountain side, and the tired armies slept. Nothing disturbed the quiet of that mild and beautiful valley, save the measured tread of the sentinel. Before the sun rose again, the columns of the French were in motion, in order more completely to outflank the foe. The trumpets sounded the charge, and the English squadrons poured like a torrent from the mountain-top, and rolled their vast masses into the plain against the French left. Not a shot was fired. In firm and close array, that devoted band received the rolling flood of the enemy; but nothing could withstand them. Suddenly the drums beat, and the heroic Marmont put himself at the head of his brave troops.

“Charge, charge!” rang in clear accents over the field. Turning to Deroche, Marmont shouted, “Tell Montereau to bring up the Hussars and attack the English right!”

Scarcely had he said it, when he reeled from his saddle and fell into the arms of him to whom he had spoken.

The heavy tread of the armies as they again moved to battle was heard,—the thunder of cannon rolled over the distant Pyrenees, and covered the plain on which more than eighty thousand men were engaged in mortal combat. Still, hour after hour, the impetuous Deroche was compelled to remain by the side of his general. At length as a crash of artillery shook the cabin in which he lay, the wounded Marmont spoke:

“Deroche, leave me! Join your brave fellows and urge them on to victory. This voice which should have steadied our ranks, and wrung victory out of defeat, is not heard in the conflict. O that I could use this good sword which so often has been the guiding star to the thousands who have crowded after. But go, I hear the bugles sound the charge.”

“And leave you? Never!” cried the noble Cuirassier.

“Go, and leave me!” repeated the general.

“I am but a wounded worm. I command you!”

“Now,” cried the general of horse, as he left the marshal, “Isabella D’Aguiar shall be avenged.” As he mounted his steed the English trumpets sounded the charge, and in the next moment the scarlet uniforms of the British moved fearlessly down against the dark masses of the French infantry. But there was a counter blast, and before its echoes had died away, the Imperial Guard moved over the plain. One form towers in the rear above all others. It is that of the gallant Deroche. “On,” he shouted, and the serried cohorts rush upon the foe. The onset was terrible; bayonet crossed bayonet, and the clangor of steel, as they intermingled in such wild conflict, was heard above the uproar of the battle.

The struggle was long and fierce, but the charges of that Old Guard were of no avail. The dauntless Deroche accompanied by a few of his trusty followers made straight for the spot where the haughty Stanley stood surrounded by a few of his guards. The assassin recognized him, and his cheek blanched with fear. Without heeding the exhortations of his comrades he fled. The polished helmets and breastplates of the two horsemen gleamed in the light as they flew onward. The body of the troops was quickly passed, and the two commanders were flying alone over the field.

Stanley was a bold rider, and well mounted, and he had the advantage of a good start. Keeping to the water courses made by the tributaries of the Guarena, he turned towards the hills. For full a quarter of an hour he urged his steed at full speed—now galloping up a rough hill, now forcing his way up the dry bed of a mountain torrent, and now descending across fertile plains adorned with citrons and pomegranates. On he plunges, but he hears the sharp clicking of his pursuer’s steed behind him—and nearer and nearer it comes. Now he urges his charger through an eminence covered with tall palmetto trees, and halts for an instant to look back. He perceives his pursuer scanning the plain beneath him, and with an imprecation upon his lips, he plunges his spurs into his horse, and dashes

through the groves of myrtle and ilex. Still the sharp rattling greets his ear; louder it sounds every moment, and he knows that he must turn and fight for his life. A bold rider and a noble steed are upon his trail, and a voice salutes his ear.

"Edward Stanley, turn and defend thyself!" The pursuer heeds not, but continues to urge his panting steed along the ground. "Cowardly assassin, turn, or I'll strike thee from thy saddle!"

The degrading epithet effected what nothing else could—and turning in his saddle, his face perfectly livid with rage, he hissed between his teeth: "Fool, draw! I fear thee not. It was that my hand might not be stained with thy blood, that I fled before thee!"

"Traitorous villain, thy miserable pretences shall not avail thee now! Be on thy guard!"

Both were excellent swordsmen, and gave and parried with equal coolness for a time, until at length Deroche began to press his foe. Thick and fast fell the blows upon helmet and gorget. Both had drawn blood and were excited to the utmost, when the Englishman, determined to end the fight instantly, raised his sword to strike the flank of his adversary's horse. But Deroche, by the aid of spur and bit, evaded the murderous thrust, and as the sword descended, dealt with his own good weapon a blow upon his adversary, which severed his armor, and pierced his back. Mortally wounded, Stanley reeled from his horse and fell to the ground. Deroche dismounted and gazed into the face of his dying foe.

"Louis Deroche," whispered Stanley, faint from loss of blood, "I have deeply wronged thee. Thy brother's blood which stains my hand cries aloud for justice. Say that you forgive me, and then I may die happier!"

"Most readily do I forgive you. Would that my hand had been stayed!"

The dying man's breath came quick, and with difficulty he said :

"Lean towards me, for I must tell thee of a more fearful deed, while yet my breath remains!"

"Speak not of it! I know it all! Make thy peace with God," answered Deroche.

"Then tell her that in my dying moments I repented the deed, and with my dying words asked forgiveness!"

As he spoke, his voice grew fainter—his head sank back upon the green sward, and the guilty spirit left its earthly tabernacle. Mounting his steed, General Deroche gazed for a moment on the corpse of his foe, and exclaimed, as he rode away : "My vow is fulfilled, and Isabella D'Aguiar is avenged!" Sorrowfully he moved back, through the scenes which he had passed in such

haste, nor checked his charger, until he met the retreating column of his countrymen, defended by his brave Cuirassiers. The battle of Salamanca had been lost, but the oath of Deroche had been fulfilled.

Peace with its blessings was once more restored to sunny Spain. The wind once more rustled through the silken tassels of the ripening corn now growing in the fair villages of Castile.

Brightly the light shone through the window of an old Moorish castle, and many were the gallants and maidens who might have been seen sauntering among the newly repaired walks and grottoes of the court. Lightly the gay laugh echoed among the arches and corridors of the lofty hall. The hurrying to and fro of fair maidens betokens the approach of extraordinary festivities. Every one seems to know that there is to be a wedding, and everybody seems happy to know that Isabella D'Aguilar^d is to be wedded to Louis Deroche. The peasantry of Navaladid had long known that they were lovers. * * *

There they stood in a balcony adjoining, looking out where the distant Guarena, lighted up by the silver light of the full moon, wound its way through the delicious valley of the Duero. Never did maiden look more lovely than Isabella, as she stood by the side of her brave and handsome lover. With a look beaming with love, she gazed into his countenance, and then leaned pensive against the railing of the balcony. After gazing for a moment into the court below, and smiling with pleasure at the gayety of its occupants, she placed her jewelled arm in her lover's and they proceeded into the crowded hall. With happy hearts they step towards the altar where stands the priest of the most holy church, and in solemn silence their hands are joined together. Eagerly the joyous peasantry gathered round their lord and mistress, and many were the thanks showered upon the maiden of Navaladid and the gallant Cuirassier of Salamanca. It was a joyous scene.

MY PASSENGER:
—OR,—
AN ADVENTURE WITH THE BOURBON PIRATES.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF AN OLD SHIP-MASTER.

~~~~~  
**BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.**  
~~~~~

My ship cleared from Liverpool, and I was bound for the Indies. In the cabin I had some dozen passengers, most of whom were army officers who had been home on leave of absence. Beside these I had a widow woman named Legrand, and her son, whom she called Walter. Walter Legrand was, according to the register, five-and twenty years of age. He was very slight in his build, or, at least, he seemed so when compared with the stout infantry officers who surrounded him; but there were no signs of feebleness about him. He was of medium height, and smaller than the ordinary class of men. His hair was long and curly, and as black as night. His eyes were large and full, and

burned like orbs of light set in jet. His countenance was very pale, and the brow, which was much higher and fuller than is often seen, was strongly marked by the blue veins which stood boldly out upon it. His features were regular and eminently handsome—the nose prominent and straight, and the lips very thin and colorless. His hands were small and as delicate as a babe's. His whole appearance indicated the close, unswerving student, and I think he had the least of the animal man in his physiognomy of any person whom I have ever seen. Mrs. Legrand must have been married when very young, for she could not then have been more than forty years of age, and she was still as beautiful as ever. A more lovely woman is seldom seen. Her hair was of a golden hue, and her eyes seemed made for the abode of smiles and love, though it was now oftener sad and downcast. Her husband had died in India, and she was going out to settle his estate, she having an only brother still there. Her husband had been a colonel of cavalry, and a brave and honest man.

Mrs. Legrand had one female servant to accompany her, and together they occupied a small state-room which she had fitted up with my consent, at her own expense.

We found Walter to be a very agreeable companion, though he was reserved and sedate. He could converse freely on subjects of general interest, and at times he was startlingly eloquent. For one I enjoyed his conversation much, though I sometimes noticed that some of the military passengers were inclined to wear a sneer upon their lips when he went deeply into moral philosophy.

Matters passed on quite pleasantly for several weeks. To be sure, at times, young Legrand received treatment from one or two of the other passengers which I thought meant insult, and which I should have resented, but he took no notice of it, and so I did not make myself uneasy. One man in particular seemed to dislike the youth. It was an infantry captain named Savage. He was a profane, reckless man, and he seemed to hate Legrand simply because he was so unlike himself. Legrand never laughed nor even smiled at any of his profane, vulgar jokes, but, on the contrary, plainly showed by his looks that he did not like them.

We had cleared the southern capes of Africa, and were standing up into the Indian Ocean. One day at the dinner-table, Captain Savage allowed himself to become more profane than usual. Neither of the females were present, and he launched out into a course of stories and jests which were indecent in the extreme. The wine

circulated freely, and his boon companions seemed to enjoy the sport hugely. Several times Legrand cast a reproving glance at Savage, and the latter noticed it, but instead of becoming more decent, he only tried the harder to displease and annoy the quiet passenger.

At length the infantry captain became so outrageously profane and vulgar that Legrand would stand it no longer, and quickly moving his chair back, he arose from the table and moved towards the deck.

"Come back, here," shouted Savage.

But the young man took no notice of him.

"Come back, I say."

Legrand did not turn, but with a steady step he kept on and went upon deck.

At length the officers finished their dessert, and most of them went on deck. Savage went up, and as soon as he saw Legrand standing by the weather mizzen rigging, he passed over.

"Mr. Legrand," he said, in a highly pompous tone, "why did you leave the dinner-table?"

"Simply because I wished to," calmly replied the young man.

"But why did you wish to leave it?"

"That is a question I choose not to answer."

"But I choose that you shall."

"O, I would answer it with pleasure, if I thought it would benefit you any to know; but I fear you would not improve upon it even were I to tell you."

"Allow me to be the judge. Tell me."

"Since you are so urgent, I will comply," returned Legrand, in a tone perfectly calm and pleasant. "The truth is, sir, your conduct and speech were so unpleasant, that I suffered exceedingly, and so I chose to leave you with those who were better calculated to enjoy or put up with it."

"Ah," uttered the captain, while his cheek flushed, and his lip trembled. "And may be so bold as to inquire what part of my conduct you thought unbecoming a gentleman?"

"All of it, sir."

"Do you mean to say that I am not a gentleman?"

"I have said no such thing. I have simply answered your own questions."

"But you have intimated that my conduct was not gentlemanly."

"Yes, sir. I have plainly said so."

"Ah, now I have it. I shall demand satisfaction for that. You shall find, sir, that no one calls my character in question with impunity."

"Then, my dear sir," said Legrand, "why will you not endeavor to have some respect for the feelings of others?"

"I have, sir, all that is necessary. Do you suppose that I care for your sickening, babyish, soft-pated piety? Not a bit of it. You have insulted me. First at the table—for actions speak as well as words. Your leaving as you did, and thus interrupting me in the midst of a narrative, was a gross insult, and you meant it as such."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"You lie, sir!" exclaimed Savage, now fairly enraged at the young man's perfect coolness. "You did mean it as an insult. Now, sir, you must answer for it. You shall answer for it. Will you take the sword or pistol?"

"Neither, sir. Let me be in peace—that is all ask."

"You wont fight, eh?"

"No sir."

"Now will you?"

As Savage thus spoke, he struck the young man with the flat of his hand, upon the cheek.

"Now will you fight?"

Walter Legrand turned as pale as death, but not a nerve nor muscle moved. In a moment more the blood returned to his face, and he looked the brutal man calmly in the eye.

"Captain Savage," he at length said, in a low, tomb-like voice, "I cannot fight you, nor have I any wish to do it. If you feel happier after what you have done, you are welcome to the emotion. You may think my course a strange one, but I have no explanation to make."

"Coward!" hissed the brute.

Again that deathly pallor spread over the young man's face, and I could see that the nails of his fingers were fairly gating into the palms of his hands. He was silent but a moment, and when he spoke again, it was in the same calm, strange tone:

"Captain Savage, leave me, sir. I have harmed you not, and now I am in the possession of my senses. Leave me, or I may be made a madman."

Savage was upon the point of saying more when I interfered.

"Captain," said I, "let this subject drop now. You are wholly in the fault, and I will see the young man abused no more."

"Do you interfere?" exclaimed Savage, turning madly towards me.

"I do," I returned, "and I mean what I say. I command here, and you will be wise if you obey."

"And suppose I do not choose to obey?"

"I think it will be an uncomfortable experiment for you to try," was the reply.

Now I owe to Dame Nature some thanks for

having given me a frame more powerful in its physical mould than she ordinarily bestows upon her mortal children, and long command of turbulent spirits in the shape of refractory seamen, had given me not only a decision of character, but had written the fact pretty plainly on my countenance. Savage looked at me a moment, and then he said, with rather a chop-fallen expression of countenance:

"O, very well. You are captain, and I suppose it would be open mutiny to resist you." And with that he walked away.

Now to tell the truth, I hoped the fellow would have shown some more resistance, for I had made up my mind to knock him down and put him in irons; but I was disappointed; though, upon more calm reflection, of course I was glad affairs turned as they did.

This event cast a sort of cloud over the spirits of the passengers for several days, and though Savage refrained from most of his profanity, yet I could see that not only he, but the others, looked upon Walter Legrand as a coward. The young man himself seemed to notice it, for he was taciturn and sedate, and I often noticed that his eyes drooped before the gaze of others, and that his lips trembled.

Early one morning land was reported upon the larboard bow. I knew it to be the Bourbon Island. The wind was very light, the ship not making more than three knots with her royals and studding-sails. About the middle of the forenoon we saw a long quiac-built boat or rather vessel—come out from one of the coves of the island. I levelled my glass upon the craft, and found it to be full of men. There were seventy-five at least.

"Captain, what is she?" asked Savage, approaching the spot where I stood.

"I think there is not much danger in setting her down for a pirate," I replied. "I have heard that there were a nest of pirates on the Bourbon Island, and I think we are likely to find it true."

"Pirates!" uttered Savage, turning pale. "They will be likely to be ugly customers, wont they?"

"Of course they will. They certainly outnumber us three to one, and are in all probability, all of them stout, reckless fellows."

"But you don't think they will follow the rule of putting all their prisoners to death, do you?"

"You can judge of that as well as I can," was my reply; and then I turned to the men.

I could see that Savage was much frightened, and, in fact, nearly all were startled by the appearance of the suspicious boat. The pres-

ence of a pirate is not a pleasant theme for any one, and more especially these land pirates, for they generally make it a practice to put their prisoners to death, so that their haunts may not be exposed.

We had no carriage-gun, but there were cutlasses and pistols enough on board for the crew, and I lost no time in arming my men. All told we mustered forty-one men. The ship's crew, including myself, made twenty-nine, and there were twelve of the passengers, though I knew not whether to count upon Walter Legrand or not. However, he could fire a pistol, and that was something. By the time I had made these arrangements, the quiac was within two cables' lengths of us, and we could see that there were nearly eighty men on board of her—not so great odds as we had at first supposed, but still two to one against us. We could see, too, that they were all of them powerful looking fellows, and of all shades and complexions—some of them white, some red, some brown and some black.

I arranged the men close to the bulwark with what muskets we could muster, and then turned to see if Legrand was upon deck. He stood by the cabin companion-way with a sword in his hand, and with two superbly mounted pistols stuck in his belt. The sword I had not seen before, and of course I judged that it must be his own. It was broad and heavy, of the most exquisite polish, and mounted in a hilt of gold and precious stones. I was for the moment chained to the scene. The youth looked most strangely. His face was yet pale and calm, but its expression was changed—wonderfully changed. The fire of his eyes was deep and intense, and the usual sedate, melancholy expression had given place to a sort of exultant, smiling satisfaction. I did not speak to him. I saw that he stood over the place where his mother had found refuge.

By this time the quiac was nearly alongside. I waited until the moment for pistol shooting came, and then I gave the order to fire. There was a long, wild yell from the boat, and on the next moment she struck our side, and the pirates began to clamber up our rigging. Our shot had not done much execution, for nearly all who had sat in the quiac leaped for the ship. We beat them back as well as we could, but they began to gain upon us, and at length my men gave way. I urged them all I could, but the bloody pirates came on in such wild fury that to stay them seemed impossible.

Savage fell back to the poop, and his companions followed him. The pirates struck down three of my men, and the rest fell back to the opposite side of the deck. By a hasty count I

made out that there were about seventy of the enemy, and we had thirty-eight left. For a few moments there was a mutual suspension of hostilities. The pirates had all gained the deck—all that were alive, and their chieftain stepped out in front of them. He was a Spaniard, but spoke English well.

"Do you surrender your ship?" he asked.

"Of course we surrender," spoke Savage, seeing that I hesitated. "We may receive quarter if we surrender quietly."

"Never!" spoke a calm, clear voice, and on turning we beheld Walter Legrand. "Never!" he repeated, while his dark eye flashed proudly. "Are we Englishmen?"

I saw that these words produced a wonderful effect upon my crew, and so they did upon the other passengers, and I must confess that they went to my heart with a nerving power. Only Captain Savage seemed to dislike them. Upon him they seemed to grate harshly.

At this moment Mrs. Legrand came upon deck. She had heard her son's voice, and perhaps she thought he was in danger.

"Santa Maria! that is my prize," exclaimed one who seemed to be second in command among the pirates, as soon as he saw the beautiful woman.

"No, no, by San Paulo, she's mine!" cried the chieftain, and as he spoke he started towards the spot where the widowed mother stood. His lieutenant followed him, and so did several of the others.

"Stand back!" said Walter.

"Out, boy—or die!"

Thus spoke the pirate leader, but he spoke no more, for the young man's sword swept the air like lightning, and the villain's head was cleft in twain. Another stroke, and the lieutenant shared the same fate.

"Now, men of England, show the blood of your proud nation!"

Every man heard those words, for they were like bugle notes—clear, and ringing, and distinct. I remember how Legrand looked at that moment. He had just forced his mother below when he spoke, and then he turned upon the crew. His head was up, his teeth set, his finely chiselled nostrils distended, and his eyes literally emitting sparks of fire. He dashed like a lightning shaft among the foe, and we all followed him. Ever and anon I could distinguish his form amid the smoke—for there were many pistols fired—and I could see the flash of his bright blade where it was not covered with blood. I fought with all my might—and so did all my men. Savage fought, too, but he did not seek

places of danger, rather seeming to keep his back against the bulwarks.

Ever and anon the flash of Walter's sword would catch my eye, and I failed not to see a man fall when it descended. My own men looked to him as their leading spirit, and I did not feel offended. I rather felt proud of him. How could I help it? The very genius of Mars seemed to sit within him. It was almost a miracle how he swept away the foul villains from before him. At length the deck began to grow thin of standing men, and streams of blood were flowing towards the scuppers. I reached Legrand's side, and I saw stout men flee from before him. I saw his arm move, and I saw another pirate fall.

Then a cry broke upon our ears. It was a cry for quarter, for mercy. The fighting ceased, and the living pirates were huddled together in the starboard gangway and disarmed. They numbered *eleven men*! My next work was to count my own, and I found eighteen of them, and nine of the infantry officers. In the centre of the quarter-deck stood Walter Legrand. He was leaning upon his sword, and a tiny stream of blood trickled down its faithful blade and made a dark pool upon the deck about its point. He was still calm and serene, but the old look of sedate melancholy had once more taken possession of his countenance.

"Captain Favor," he said, addressing me, "can you take care of the prisoners?"

I quickly answered him, "yes."

"Then," said he, "I will go and comfort my mother. She may be anxious."

The prisoners were put in irons, and placed in safe confinement, and then we sat to work and cleared up the deck. All hands turned workmen, and ere long the dead were sewed up in old sails and buried in the deep, blue sea—friend and foe together. There were but few wounded men. Such as there were, however, were properly cared for.

That evening, when we sat down to supper, no one could have told, from the appearance of Walter Legrand, that anything unusual had happened. He met us with that same calm smile of recognition, and his face wore that same look of unobtrusive, modest reserve. The meal was eaten mostly in silence. I could see that the other officers gazed upon the youth with looks of admiring wonder, and even Captain Savage was humbled and awed.

Legrand saw the looks that were cast upon him, and he knew well what they meant. After he had finished his supper he wiped his lips, and we knew from his movements, that he was going

to speak. A pin might have been heard to drop at that moment.

"Gentlemen," he said, while a slight tremulousness was manifest in his nether lip. "You all know what has passed since I came on board this ship, and I shall not recount the painful tale. I have heard the word 'coward' and I have not resented it, and had not this day's events come to pass, I should not have made the explanation which I am now about to make, for it might only have been received as the hollow excuse of one who dared not fight. You have some of you heard of my father. He was a brave man, and a good officer, but in an evil hour he had a difficulty with a brother officer, and he accepted the challenge to fight a duel. He met his companion upon the field, and he fell. He had marched boldly up to the cannon's mouth for his beloved country, and his life was spared that his bosom friend might take it. My mother heard the sad story. She knew my hot blood—she knew I was my father's child, and she feared for me. She drew my head upon her grief-laden bosom, and asked me to promise her that I would never give nor receive a challenge to mortal combat, and that I would never lend my countenance or assistance to the same in the capacity of a friend. I made the promise, and sealed it with a vow, and a mother's prayer went up that I might be true to it. Gentlemen, you know all now."

There was a tear in his eye, but he turned quickly away and went on deck.

For some moments after he had gone, there was a death-like stillness.

"Gentlemen," uttered Savage, starting quickly from his seat, "follow me on deck."

He started for the ladder, and we all went after him. Legrand stood by the lee quarter-railing, and Savage moved quickly to him.

"Mr. Legrand," said the humbled officer, in a trembling, but frank tone, "I have wronged you most deeply, and here, before all the living witnesses of my error, I ask your pardon. Forgive me, sir, and I will never do such wrong again."

Walter took the proffered hand, and while tears trembled upon his dark lashes, he replied :

"Captain Savage, most joyfully do I accede to your request. Let the past be forgotten, sir, and may its darkness be more than obliterated by the friendship of this hour."

The temptation could not be resisted : My first mate, a noble-hearted sailor, threw up his cap and called out for three cheers. And they were given—three times three—for the noble youth who had not only been the direct agent of saving our ship and crew, but who also had the moral

courage to do his whole duty, even though it brought out the jeer and scoff of companions against him.

The widowed mother had followed her son on deck, and she had seen all that had transpired, and never shall I forget the strange look that dwelt upon her countenance as she clasped her hands and raised her streaming eyes towards heaven. It was a look of such joyful pride and ardent gratitude as words cannot tell.

In due time we arrived at Calcutta without further trouble, and from that evening of reconciliation I heard not a profane word nor ribald jest fall from Captain Savage's lips. He was a better and a happier man. Walter Legrand was urged most strongly to join the army, but his love for his mother restrained him. He settled his father's business, and he and his mother returned to England with me. Three years after that he was sent to Parliament from his native borough, and no man can enjoy more extensively the confidence and esteem of his fellows than does he ; but I know that all the honors which men can heap upon him can never take that place in his heart and love which is filled by the gratitude and trusting confidence of his own dear mother.

ARNITA ZOLTAN.
A LEGENDARY TALE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

IN the latter part of the fifteenth century, on the borders of the river Drave, in Hungary, near the village of—readers, I have forgotten the name, and have looked in vain for it on my map; I shall be obliged to give it one, for I do not like to write,—near the village of—. The name has nothing to do with the interest of the story, so I will call it Carlstadt. Will it do? I will begin again.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, on the borders of the river Drave, in Hungary, near the village of Carlstadt, there stood, at short distances apart, three castles. The one nearest the village was in ruins, and haunted, according to popular belief; the next was built on a rocky eminence, overlooking the little village, and was the stronghold of the robber, Count Arthpud; the third and farthest was the property of the good Baron Almarvitz, who was loved as much by the villagers as his neighbor, the count, was hated and feared by them. The inhabitants of the village were industrious, but very superstitious.

Arnita Zoltan was the only child of the widow Zoltan, and the beauty and belle of the place; also the affianced bride of young John Detnold, the only son of the richest man in the place, and esquire to the Baron Almarvitz. Count Arthpud had seen Arnita, and being enamored of her beauty, had used every persuasive art in his

power to make her consent to become his, but with no success.

At the time my story commences, the widow Zoltan was very ill, and her devoted daughter, Arnita, in despair, was sitting by the side of her mother's bed, watching her as she slept, when

the door of the cottage opened, and there entered without knocking one of those seers or wizards, then so common. He was an old man, but firm and erect; his dress was of blue cloth, trimmed with a scarlet band, upon which were strange figures and signs; his face was remarkable for very heavy black eyebrows, from under which his eyes peered forth with a strange light.

"Daughter," he said, "your mother is very ill—ill unto death; but you can save her you have courage."

"Tell me how?" exclaimed Arnita, forgetting her previous fears of the intruder.

"If you have courage to pass the hours of midnight, seated on the Witches' Stone by the threshold of the haunted castle."

Arnita trembled violently as she heard the old wizard, and she replied:

"None have been known to pass the night there in safety; none that have ever sat on that stone have lived to say what they saw, nor have they ever been heard of afterwards."

"But if I gave you a charm by which you would be insured from all harm, would you then dare pass the night there?" and the old man watched her attentively as he spoke.

Arnita made no answer, but seemed to be weighing the chances in her own mind. Again the old man spoke, drawing, as he did so, a chain from his pocket.

"Look at this chain. Once round your neck, and the medallion in your hand, and no power of evil can touch you. You will hear all that passes, but be unharmed by anything. If you will obey my instructions, you will come back unharmed and find your mother well."

Arnita hesitated. She loved her mother beyond all things on earth; and she had a stout heart. With that talisman nothing could touch her; why should she not try it? Thus thought Arnita, as she stood before the old wizard.

"Think of your mother—she dies if you have not the courage."

"Give me the charm!" nervously exclaimed Arnita, after having looked at her mother, and seen the deathly pallor which seemed to be stealing over her.

"Here it is, daughter," said the old man, hanging the charm, to which was attached a star and cross, round her neck. "Do you hear what I say?" he asked.

"Perfectly," whispered Arnita.

"Upon your faithfulness in following all my directions, hangs your safety and that of your mother. At ten this night, you must repair to the Witches' Stone; and seat yourself on it, facing the entrance to the castle; clasp the star and

cross in your hands, resting your elbows on your knees, and your head in your hands, covering your eyes. Strange noises you will hear—perhaps sweet music; but no matter what assails you, beware of giving way to curiosity and looking up. One look and you are lost. Remain till two. Take heed. Follow faithfully what I have told you to do. Seat yourself now in the position I directed, that I may see if you fully understand."

Arnita did so, but when she removed her hands the old man was gone. She sprang to the door, but he was away. Arnita was much less superstitious than any of the other girls of the village, and withal possessed rather a fancy for adventure. Her lover, John Detnold, being constantly with the Baron Almarvitz, who had no faith whatever in any ghost or apparition, had imbibed in a great measure his master's feelings, and was accustomed to laugh at the stories of mysterious disappearances and haunted spots told by the old men and women in the village, and listened to with fear and wonder by the young people. Arnita was possessed of greater intelligence than most girls, and consequently agreed in part with her lover, and joined with him in laughing at the tales.

The hour for Arnita to encounter the spirits was approaching, and rising softly from her bed, and throwing over her shoulders a coarse cloak, with a beating heart she set out. The feeling she experienced was not exactly fear, though she trembled from head to foot as she approached the castle, and saw the Witches' Stone gleaming white in the moonlight. By a great effort she walked forward and seated herself on the stone as directed. Before she covered her face she looked around. She saw nothing to fear; but the broken pillars and stones shone white and spectral in the moonlight, while the entrance of the castle, which she was facing, was in a deep shadow. A chill crept over her, and she was on the point of running away, when the thought of her sick, perhaps dying mother, came over her, and resolutely driving away every fearful thought, she bowed her head upon her hands, and her vigil began.

Two hours passed, and as yet nothing had been heard to frighten her, when suddenly she heard a rustling, and something brushed past her; then louder rustling, and a troop of spirits brushed past her; then all was still. Again she was startled by the sound of distant laughter, then pleased and surprised by soft music. Thus an hour passed, and alternately surprised and frightened, Arnita kept her post. At length a long silence ensued, and the poor girl began to

feel relieved, for she thought all her trials were over, when something seated itself by her side, and an arm was put round her waist, and a voice which sounded strangely like Count Arthpud's, said:

"Dear Arnita!"

"This then," she thought, "is my greatest trial. Some wicked demon has taken the form of the bad count, and will endeavor to bear me away." She clasped her charm firmer in her hand, and murmured a prayer to the Virgin for protection.

"Look at me!" said the voice; "I am no spirit. I am the real Count Arthpud; flesh and bones like yourself."

Faster and faster beats Arnita's heart, and faster and faster she repeated her prayers, and more tightly held her charm. Suddenly her hands were grasped and moved away from her face, which was so raised that she was obliged to look at the presence. Before her stood the hated count in a splendid dress, and a wicked smile upon his bold, bad face.

"Foolish girl! didn't you know that it is after twelve, and that the spirits are no longer loose?"

Arnita instantly knew that it was no spirit, and that she was completely in that bad man's power. Her quick mind instantly suggested the course to be pursued. Raising her head, which the count had allowed to fall, she asked, with great simplicity:

"Are you really the count, and not a bad spirit in his shape?"

The count smiled, and replied:

"I am really the count, my pretty girl; and I love you, and have come to take you away to my castle, where there will never be any bad spirits, and my pretty bird will have everything she wants."

"I wont go," exclaimed the pretty Arnita, in the tone of a spoilt child. "I say I wont go, because I shall have to leave John Detnold, who brings me pretty things from the baron's great castle."

"But, foolish child, I will give you better and prettier things, I will give you gold rings and bracelets, and velvet dresses," and the count smiled, for he knew that he had offered a bribe which would certainly win her.

"Gold rings and bracelets, and a velvet dress like your cloak?" Arnita asked, with the smile and manner of a pleased child; and she stood up and passed her hand gently over his velvet cloak, smiling and saying, "Soft, soft."

Presently her manner changed, and putting on a coquettish, imperious air, and moving a little from the count, she said:

"Seat yourself on that stone, and give me

that pretty cloak, now, that I may wear it and see how I like such fine clothes."

Amused and delighted with his easy conquest, Count Arthpud did as he was told, and throwing the cloak over her shoulders, Arnita with a graceful step began to walk up and down in front of the count. Count Arthpud was a tall man, and Arnita a small woman, and the cloak reached half way down her skirts. Laughing, and looking mightily pleased, Arnita walked, looking first this side and then that. Having amused herself in this way for a minute or so, she came to the count and demanded his hat and feather, and a little jewelled dagger. Having arrayed herself in these, and paraded up and down before him a little more, she came to a stand before him, and replaced the hat upon his head; then taking the cloak off, she held it up as if examining it, turning it from side to side. Suddenly, with a movement as quick as lightning, she flung it over his head, and turned and ran into the old castle.

It was with some difficulty that the count removed it, for the heavy clasps caught in his hair and parts of his dress. Having succeeded in removing it, he sprang forward; but the castle was dark, and he knew not which winding she had taken.

Arnita could not see her way, but having once entered the castle, she moved as slyly as a cat, feeling for some hold in which to hide herself, for, thought she, "he cannot see in the dark, and once hid I am safe." Alas! poor girl. With one note of his horn the count summoned half a dozen men, and in one moment they were searching with torches in every nook and corner of the castle. Arnita knew all hope was gone, so firmly grasping the dagger, which she had taken care not to return to the count, she waited in fear and trembling. She had not long to wait, for there was a flash of light, and Bernsward, the count's steward, stood before her.

"Found!" he roared at the top of his lungs, and the sound was taken up and repeated by this echo and the other, till it seemed to the poor girl as if all the demons with which the castle was peopled, were now exulting at her capture.

The count was soon by the side of his steward; his face looked black and fierce. Arnita gave herself up for lost. Very handsome did she look, her face thrown into bold relief by the dark wall of the castle, against which she was leaning, the ruddy, wavering light of the torches flashing upon her, and her hand clasping the jewelled dagger.

"I have you now!" hoarsely exclaimed the count, "and you will pay dear for this."

"I will die!" said the girl resolutely, and the dagger flashed brightly in the light as she raised her hand to strike her heart.

The blow did not reach its destination, for the steward seized her arm and wrenched the dagger from her.

"Die now!" sneered the count, as he caught her in his arms.

All hope of escape thus torn from her, Arnita sank into a swoon, and in this state was borne off by the followers of the count.

Let us now return to the invalid. Morning dawned, and when Madame Zoltan awoke, much refreshed by a good night's rest, her first call was for Arnita; but she did not make her appearance. It was very strange, for never had her daughter thus absented herself, and the mother began to be alarmed. At noon, John Detnold entered the cottage. The widow told him of the absence of Arnita, and he, too, was much alarmed. While they were endeavoring to find some clue to her disappearance, the same old wizard, or fortune-teller, entered the cottage. It must be recollected that the mother was asleep when he made his visit the day before, and consequently she was much startled when he said to her:

"You mourn the disappearance of your daughter. If you will fill this cup with water, and bring it to me, I will tell you where she is."

So saying, he handed John a heavy silver cup, curiously carved, who returned it to him filled with water. Drawing a scarlet feather from his pocket, he began slowly to stir the water, dropping from time to time little square pieces of silver into the cup. After looking at it attentively for a few minutes, he said:

"What I tell you is true. Last night, your daughter, having dreamed that by passing the night upon the Witches' Stone, at the castle gate, she could cure you, went to the castle and placed herself there. Shortly, dancers pass her; soft music enchants her; finally a demon, in the form of a handsome baron comes to her. He offers her jewels; she smiles; he shows her untold treasures, and a splendid castle, and she gives him her hand. The attendant demons laugh exultingly, and the castle is brilliantly illumed, and then she disappears on a car of flame. The temptation was too great—Arnita yielded to the power of gold."

As he finished, he rose as if to depart; but young Detnold, forgetting his age, all but the words he had uttered, seized him by the collar, and shook him violently, almost yelling in his excitement: "You lie! base knave!—thief!—traitor!—liar!—demon that you are!"

What is the change which comes that makes that young man glare like such a tiger? Unprepared for such a violent shaking, the cap, wig and eyebrows dropped from the wizard, and disclosed the features of Bernsward, the steward. In one instant he was down, and the young Detnold kneeling on his chest, with his poignard at his throat.

"Disclose where Arnita is, sir steward, or die!"

The steward, though a great villain, was also a great coward. No more threats were needed. The steward, trembling as he lay, told of his visit the day before, and of the capture of the girl at night. While he was speaking, he had loosened one hand and got his knife ready to strike, but the other had perceived the action, and wrested the weapon from him. It was Bernsward's last hope, and when that failed him, he felt willing to disclose all—the place of Arnita's imprisonment, the pass word, and the number of armed men in the castle. John Detnold then bound him hand and foot, and with the help of some of the other young men, he put him in a place of safety, leaving four men to guard him.

Having accomplished this, Detnold set out at all speed for the baron's castle, and disclosed to him the base abduction. The good baron listened attentively, and appeared scarcely less excited than his esquire. One hour more, and the baron's men were all armed, waiting only for the darkness to set forth in. The count had a weak force, for more than half of his men were off on a marauding expedition, and trusting to the superstition of the villagers, he had not troubled himself to have even the few men he had with him, armed or ready to resist any attack. So said the steward.

When night had fairly set in, the baron and his men began their march. At the gate of the count's castle was only one man, the warder; to him Detnold whispered the pass-word, and bade him as soon as he unlocked the gate to hurry to the count with the message that his men were returning, laden with booty. The delighted warder hastened to obey, and while he was gone the baron and his men entered. In one moment all was confusion. Lights flashed from the windows of the castle, and the bell rang out the alarm. Taken by surprise, the count and his men, though they fought like demons, made no headway. The baron found that the steward had deceived Detnold, as to the number of men, and the odds were against him. Had the count and his men been prepared, it would have gone against the baron's party, but they being well armed and in order, slowly, but perceptibly,

gained ground. Pen cannot paint the confusion that prevailed. Dark and darker grew the night; the moon was obscured by heavy drifting clouds; the din of the struggle more deafening each moment, and curses and prayers were mingled in strange confusion.

For a moment it seemed as though the robber-band would be victorious, for they had already killed many of the baron's men; but the men knew they were fighting for their life and freedom, and with that thought they fought right bravely. One instant more—one loud thundering crash, and with a wild cry sounding high above the clash of arms, and the strife was over—the count was subdued; the baron and his men victorious.

The clouds which had overspread the heavens, now broke away, and the moon shone brightly out. Searching through the castle much booty was found, which was divided between the men. John Detnold stopped not for that, but searched wildly through the apartments for his lovely Arnita. In a distant turret chamber he found her, awaiting with fear and hope the end of the struggle.

'Twas a blessed and proud hour for young Detnold when he placed Arnita in her mother's arms. The village resounded with cries of joy, and John Detnold was hailed as their deliverer from a constant fear. The old baron blessed the lovers, and gave Arnita a handsome dowry.

When the sun rose the morning after the strife, it shone upon two deserted castles on the borders of the Drave, whose waters sparkled in the light, and seemed also to rejoice at the punishment of the count. The village became more flourishing, but the inhabitants continued just as superstitious, for the young men who were left to guard the steward Bernsward, found him gone on the morning after the strife, and as each one declared that they passed the night with their eyes fixed upon the closet in which he was confined, never for an instant closing them, we are obliged to agree with them that the demons carried him off in a car of flame, and that he is added to the number of restless, bad spirits who haunt the old castle, and nightly circle around the Witches' Stone, which no jeering can shake their faith in, and which enjoys a far worse reputation than before. Arnita shakes her head when rallied by her husband, John Detnold, and says that there certainly were strange things passing her when she sat there so anxiously watching the dawn.

"There was a rustling of wings,
As she sat upon the stone,
And weird and witchlike things
Passed her slowly one by one."

THE ROSE OF ACADIE.

~~~~~  
BY JAMES DE MILLE.  
~~~~~

At the time when the events transpired, which we are about to narrate, the Neutral French of Nova Scotia had already begun to experience the wanton oppression of their royal master. Edicts had been promulgated restricting the privileges of the peaceful Acadians, and the quiet streets of the town of Grand Pre' had more than once resounded with the martial notes of English soldiers, who had come to maintain espionage over the actions of its peaceful inhabitants.

Though in hourly expectation of some gross outrage, the Acadians took no precautions against aggression, but continued their simple agricultural avocations in the open fields, without arms,—conscious of their own perfect rectitude, and humbly relying upon the protection of God. The dames of Acadie manipulated fearlessly in the dairy, or at the spinning wheel, protected only by their guileless simplicity, and consciousness of innocence. At evening, the pious elders gathered their families around the fireside, and after expounding the truths of the Bible, offered up fervent prayers for the happiness of the relentless sovereign who was persecuting them so ruthlessly. Such was the only defence against oppression, which they had been taught from infancy.

It was at this period, teeming with peril to the Acadians, that a couple of travellers, emerging suddenly from different quarters of a dense wood

which encompassed a lake, about three leagues from the hamlet of Grand Pre', unexpectedly met each other face to face. They were both clad in an anomalous garb, consisting of part hunting jacket, and part military dress, and each bore upon his shoulder a heavy French musket.

"Ah, Max!" said the stouter and older of the two, dropping the butt of his gun upon the grass, and cordially extending his hand, "I expected to meet you about here. Have you crossed any trail, shot any game, or got into any scrapes since you left camp?"

"I believe there haint a man left a trail, nor a bird taken wing, since these English came so near us!" replied the other. "I left the French fortifications early this morning, and you're the first hiped that has crossed my path since—"

"We're now about nine English miles from Grand Pre'," said the first speaker. "If we go round this lake, it will be a league further, and we shall be detained too long. There used to be a boat here, but during the recent troubles, it has been removed, I suppose."

"Let us swim across."

"But the guns?"

"I'll arrange that. There's the boat, or rather what is left of it, smashed in pieces, at the foot of the rock. I did it myself the last time I crossed. We'll make a raft for the weapons, and shove them before us."

The fragments of the demolished boat were soon fashioned into a rude raft, upon which the two young men first adjusted their garments, and then placed their muskets.

"This is not the time to be lounging round barracks, Bernard," said Max, as they parted from the shore, and began to cut the smooth lake, in measured and powerful strokes, "when one's father, and mother, and sisters, are hourly threatened with imprisonment, and perhaps, death!"

"Assuredly not. We were justified in leaving the camp, to warn our friends of the impending danger. I met a man at Brook's garrison, who informed me that the English had already commanded the Neutrals to deliver up their arms, and that a descent upon Grand Pre' was hourly expected!"

"Indeed! Then the danger is more imminent than we had anticipated!" said Max, involuntarily quickening his strokes. "Perhaps we may yet be too late!"

"Look out, Max! you're nearly capsizing the clumsy craft. You've suspected truly—the peril is considerably greater than we had supposed yesterday."

"The English will ever rue the day when they disturbed the tranquillity of the peaceful Acadians. It will be a perpetual reproach—a stain upon their arms, which time will not efface from the remembrances of men. Bernard, when I think upon the injustice which these haughty masters of ours have already inflicted upon us,

this last crowning tyranny stirs to fury all the revengeful passions of my soul!"

"It is indeed a heinous wrong, but one which I fear is too easy of perpetration!"

"Yes, and one which will too easily escape retribution! How easily we might be captured now, Bernard. Suppose some one should spring out of the woods, and oppose our landing. We should make but a poor figure, defending ourselves here in the water, *sans culottes!*"

"That's true!" replied the other, and quickening their motions simultaneously, Max Drummond and Bernard St. Verd speedily stood upon the opposite shore of the lake.

After resuming their clothing, and carefully examining the priming of their weapons, they pursued their journey in a course due south, at a speed which precluded all attempts at conversation. Max peered anxiously through the openings in the forest, and ever and anon stopped to listen if any sound disturbed the deep stillness of the measureless wood. His companion, however, strode on, with his eyes fixed steadily before him, and his right hand cautiously grasping his gun-lock. Though the external manifestations of solicitude were not so marked, Bernard St. Verd was not wanting in affectionate concern for his friends and relations, who were in jeopardy. They had advanced about a league and a half, when Max suddenly shouted, in feverish excitement:

"Look there, Bernard! See that smoke rolling up over yonder hill! By St. Denis, they're burning Grand Pre'!" Max was of French extraction, and when powerfully excited, often exhibited his French proclivities.

St. Verd cast his eyes round, and beheld a black nebulous mass, rolling away in dense, lazy volumes, in the direction of the wind. His brow grew dark, and his lips closed together in deep, concentrated wrath.

"If they injure but a hair of my father's head, they shall feel a son's terrible vengeance!"

"And if they dare offer a breath of insult to your peerless sister, they shall again experience the power of a Drummond's arm!" said Max. "We must proceed hastily, but warily, if we would be in time to furnish any assistance."

Knowing that they must now be in close proximity to the English troops, the young men advanced with redoubled caution, holding their guns before them ready cocked, like fowlers coming up with their game.

They had advanced in this manner about a mile, when a pistol-shot re-echoed through the forest, and a voice followed, ringing with startling clearness among the stems of the trees:

"*Prenez garde!*"

Max and Bernard stopped a moment, and beheld behind a clump of trees, at the distance of a hundred yards, a French soldier, guarding a couple of saddled horses.

"I recognize those horses!" said Bernard.

Advancing carefully they were soon within hailing distance of the Frenchman.

"*Vous criez, comme un aigle, mon ami!*" said Max.

"*A qui sont ces chevaux?*" asked Bernard, sternly.

"*Ces sont a Monsieur St. Verd!*" replied the Frenchman.

"Then what are you doing with them here?"

"I guard them, *pour Monsieur.*"

"We'll relieve you of your charge," said St. Verd, and mounting one of the animals, he consigned the other to the charge of his companion. Max coolly got into the saddle, and after admonishing the astounded Frenchman not to "*prenez garde*" so vociferously in future, and politely bidding him *bon jour*, rode away at a tearing pace.

On reaching the summit of the hill which overlooked the valley of Grand Pre', and over which clouds of murky vapor were still constantly pouring, a scene presented itself which would have shocked the stoutest heart. The whole valley, as far as the eye could reach, was enfolded in flame and smoke. Here and there could be seen human forms, bearing away articles of domestic use, but otherwise the valley seemed totally deserted. Fields of rich grain were yielding to the devouring element, and far in the distance was a train of cattle, urged on by the bayonets of English dragoons.

"This is too much!" said Max, checking his horse.

"See, the St. Verd house still stands!—we may yet be in time!" said Bernard, dashing instantly down the hill, followed closely by Max.

They reached the dwelling, which was situated upon the outskirts of the town, only to find it deserted. An English soldier, with a torch in his hand, was about to set fire to a pile of rubbish, at one corner of the building. Max rode fiercely up to him, and striking the torch from his grasp, demanded what had been done with the St. Verds. The man shook his head sullenly, but made no other reply. Max dismounted, and presenting a pistol with his right hand, while he seized the soldier's throat with his left, threatened him with destruction unless he divulged all he knew. Completely intimidated by Max's impetuous style of attack, the Englishman informed him that the elder St. Verds had

been taken to the coast with the rest of the Acadians, to embark in English ships for the American colonies.

"But the young lady?" demanded Max.

"The colonel took charge of her!" replied the soldier, with an insolent leer.

Max stretched the caitiff upon the parched sward with one blow, and turning to enter the house, confronted Bernard, issuing from the door.

"Read that!" said he, presenting him a note. It ran:

"DEAR BERNARD,—They have taken father and mother to the sea-side, with the rest of the people. Myself they have reserved for some special insult. There are about half-a-dozen mounted men on guard at the door. What is their purpose I cannot tell. I'm in fearful anxiety. Would that Max or you might come.

"BEATRICE."

"This villain outside knows the whole matter, but it won't be in his power to give us any information for some time," said Max, contemptuously touching the prostrate incendiary with his boot.

"There's no need of it. Here is their trail—a dozen feet in width;—they have taken no pains to conceal it."

The grass was furrowed up by horses' hoofs for a considerable space around the door, and from this broken track there issued a broad trail, which appeared to pursue a course nearly due southwest from the hamlet of Grand Pre'. The horsemen evidently did not apprehend pursuit, as they had taken no precautions to conceal their path.

"My course lies in the direction of these tracks!" said Max, tightening his saddle-girth, and putting his pistols in the holsters.

St. Verd paused an instant, with one foot in the stirrup. After a moment's reflection, he said with the air of one who had finally determined a difficult point:

"I believe mine does, too, Max."

Following the broad path, they soon reached the limits of the valley. Here Max, who was foremost, was about to proceed in a right line, through a deep glen, which led from the valley, when Bernard shouted:

"Stop! We're off the trail!"

Max waited until the wind took up the glen a cloud of smoke which just then enveloped him, and then proceeded to examine the road. Not a track was visible before him, and behind could only be discerned his own horse's footprints.

"We have lost the trail! Let us return and recover it."

They slowly and carefully pursued their way back for the distance of a quarter of a mile, when they suddenly struck the last trail, which, though as broad and distinct as ever, appeared to end here; there were no diverging tracks to the right or left.

"They have doubled!" said Max. "Keep a good lookout, and we'll circumvent their cunning yet."

They returned in the line of the hoof-prints, until they reached the margin of a little creek, when both simultaneously halted.

"Leap the creek, Max; and if I'm not greatly deceived, you'll find horses' feet have trod the opposite bank."

Max leaped the little run without much difficulty, and shouted as he alighted on the opposite shore:

"Here they are—as distinct as ever! Cross quickly!"

St. Verd crossed; and as he observed the new course which the trail took, remarked:

"This will conduct us directly to the sea-shore, where they have taken all our people to embark them for the south, and where the whole British army is encamped."

"True," replied Max; "but if we hasten we shall be able to intercept this detached party before they can join the main body."

The sun had already begun to decline, and as there was no time to be lost, and the trail was perfectly clear, the two horsemen urged their steeds to the top of their speed.

The sun went down, and twilight began to deepen into night, but still they had not come up with those of whom they were in pursuit. The forest began to assume the dusky, gloomy hue of a moonless night; and the trail began to grow indistinct in the darkness.

"I fear we shall have to wait until morning," said Bernard. "I've come near losing the trail several times."

"They must have encamped near here," replied Max, "unless they intended to finish their journey to-night, which is not at all probable. Hark!—a horse neighing, by St. Denis! Bernard, we are upon them!"

Both young men appeared to know how to act in the present emergency. They both dismounted, fastened their horses securely, examined the priming of their weapons, and cautiously advanced in the direction of the sound which Max had heard. After proceeding half a mile, they suddenly emerged from behind a dense thicket, under cover of which they had been advancing, and beheld within a score of rods, the British encampment. A fire was

blazing in the middle of it, around which three or four soldiers were seated, apparently partaking of their evening meal.

"Hold me, Bernard!" said Max, in intense excitement. "Do you see that fellow in epaulettes, sitting beside Beatrice? If he moves an inch nearer her, I'll roll him off that log into the crackling fire!"

"Wait till we're nearer!" said his companion.

"By Jupiter! I believe he's putting his arm around her! Do you take the tall fellow with a red cockade, and I'll arrange matters with that colonel!"

Two musket-shots following each other in rapid succession, woke up the echoes of the vast forest, and without stopping to ascertain the result of their fire, Max and St. Verd rushed fearlessly into the encampment, pistols in hand.

"Come on, my men!" cried Bernard, as if a whole company were at his heels.

"Yield, or expect no mercy!" shouted Max, discharging his pistol at a man who had levelled a carbine at him.

"Steady, men! steady!" feebly vociferated the bleeding colonel, from under the log on which he had been sitting.

But his men were all down before he gave the order. Max, after discharging his pistol, grappled with a fellow who was guarding the horses, and after a short conflict hurled him bleeding to the ground. There were but two others in the party. One of these Bernard shot down as he advanced from his concealment, and the other was made prisoner without much resistance. When the victory was achieved, the two young men turned to the lovely Beatrice—the rose of Acadie.

"Dear Bernard!—Max, dear Max! how kind in you to incur all this for me!"

"I would have incurred ten times as much rather than have forfeited so sweet an acknowledgement of the favor!" answered Max, his tones displaying a manly tenderness, that became him well.

"I knew you would not forsake me, Bernard," said Beatrice, smiling, "and I thought," continued she, her cheeks mantling, "that Max might remember her old playmate!"

"Max merits the largest share of your encomiums, for he decided instantly to go in pursuit of you, while I was hesitating whether to follow your captors, or go in pursuit of father and mother," said Bernard.

Beatrice bestowed a glance upon the delighted Max, which amply repaid him for all the dangers he had undergone, and all the anxiety he had felt for her.

"We must now decide upon our line of march," said St. Verd, "for it is impossible to remain here. The firing will attract people to the spot."

"Let us return to the French camp," said Max.

"And leave my parents in the hands of the English?"

"We shall not be able to rescue them from the force that guards them. It will be better to rejoin them after they have arrived in the American colonies."

"That is true," replied Bernard, sorrowfully. "Even if we should succeed in rescuing them, they could not live in tranquillity in Nova Scotia. It is better for them to undergo the perils of a sea voyage, than endure all the insults and hardships to which they would be inevitably subjected here. Even you, Beatrice, will not be allowed to remain here."

"I have no desire to dwell in the land from which my friends and parents have been so mercilessly expelled!" responded the lovely girl, a tear moistening her eye.

"A sentiment to which I respond with all my soul!" said Max. "Never will I tread this soil as a dweller upon it, after this humiliating extinction of our race!"

The fair rose of Acadie smiled a sweet approval of the determination. She had apprehended that he would continue in the French service in Acadie.

Too much time had already been consumed, and they made hasty preparations for departure. A rude litter was constructed for the wounded colonel, and lashed between a couple of horses. Beatrice was assisted to the saddle by the attentive Max; the two young men brought up and mounted their horses, and the train took up its line of march for the French encampment. They rode all night, and arrived at their place of destination at morn, the next day.

Three weeks after the occurrences which we have narrated, there was a joyful family meeting in the town of Philadelphia. The St. Verds had been taken to the American province of Pennsylvania, whither Beatrice, Max and Bernard had followed them, as soon as they were able to make preparations for so long a journey by land. Joyfully the fond parents welcomed back their lost children. They could welcome them *all* as children—for Max had won and wedded "The Rose of Acadie."

Some enemies, as well as friends, are necessary; they make us more circumspect, more diligent, wiser and better.

THE GLOVES OF OMER PACHA.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE great facts of the Eastern war do not enter into our humble province; but we may glean a few anecdotes on the heroes of this Iliad. Here is one related by Mr. Edmond Texier, which cannot fail to interest our readers.

About fifteen or twenty years since, a young man presented himself at Widdin, and asked for Hussein Pacha, the commandant of that place. This young man was as handsome as a woman, and as imposing as a demigod. His complexion was white and clear, his eyes soft and penetrating, and his form slender and vigorous. The Turks, who are superstitious about countenances, received him with cordiality, and pointed out to him the pacha's dwelling.

Hussein had encamped before Widdin, in a superb tent. The young unknown presented himself for an audience just as Hussein awoke in a very bad humor.

"What do you want?" asked he, roughly, of the importunate solicitor.

"To enter the service of your excellency."

"I have too many servants already. Go!"

In Turkey, men of the most humble condition may offer presents to a great nobleman, without infringing upon customs. The young man drew from his pocket a small package, carefully enveloped, which he handed to the pacha, entreating him to accept it.

"What are these?" said the pacha, when he had opened the package.

"Gloves, your excellency."

"And of what use are they?"

"When you march in the sun, its rays will not burn your hands (those of Hussein's were very white), and when you hold the bridle of your horse, your fingers will not be wounded by the hardness of the leather."

"And how are these gloves put on?"

The young man put a glove on the pacha's hand.

"Now the other."

The young man complied. Hussein then clapped his hands three times, and held them over his head, while the officers of his suite entered and looked wonderingly at the gloves.

Thanks to these, which were a long time the admiration of the pacha and his staff, the unknown was admitted to the service of Hussein, and became his confidential aid-de-camp.

Now this unknown youth was Michael Hattas, originally from Croatia, formerly sub-inspector of bridges and causeways in Austria—at present Omer Pacha, general-in-chief of the Ottoman

army. How came this young man without a country, this fugitive without resources, this German turned Turk, to risk his future destiny on a pair of gloves? This history is not less curious than that of his audience with Hussein Pacha.

The fourth son of Peter Hattas, a poor and noble Austrian lieutenant, Michael was in his childhood so delicate that he lived only by a prodigy of maternal love. At eighteen, he was appointed superintendent of the bridges and causeways of Carlstadt. At twenty, he was nominated sub-inspector at Zaro, in Dalmatia. Compromised in a political affair, he exiled himself, and gained the Turkish frontier, with a few sequins in his pocket.

The first Ottoman village which he traversed being Omer-Unas, he took the name of Omer with the turban, and advanced at random into the province of Bosnia. Some wagoners met him, attacked him, robbed him, took away even his clothes, and left him almost naked on the public road. A peasant furnished him with a garment and a little money. He arrived thus at Boujalouka, where he entered the shop of a merchant as clerk.

Here a consolation awaited him, which had nearly turned him from the arduous paths which lead to glory. The merchant had a charming daughter. Omer perceived it by the beatings of his heart. The young girl, on her part, could not without emotion this exile pursued by fate, this brave and skilful engineer reduced to the condition of a clerk, this white and delicate but energetic and valiant hand, which trembled at holding a pen instead of a sword. The two young people understood each other without speaking, and the father comprehended them in his turn, without needing their confidence.

One fine morning he sent to Omer two caskets—the one contained a wedding-ring and the inventory of his business, the other, a purse full of gold and a Damascene sabre. Omer divined the choice which was offered to him—the fortune of the merchant and the hand of his daughter, or departure and a military life, with the expenses of the journey to the nearest camp.

Omer kept the book and the ring, and restored to the merchant the sabre and purse. The next day the two young people were affianced amid a joyous family festival. But on the day after, the young girl, overcome with happiness, fell ill, to rise no more. The father and lover watched over her eight days and nights, and tearfully received her last sigh. Then the merchant, taking the sabre and the purse, offered them again to the young man, saying to him:

“God has willed it! It was decreed! May glory be more faithful to you than happiness!”

This time Omer accepted the arm, and kissing the icy hand of his dead betrothed, took his way towards Widdin, where he became the aid-de-camp of Hussein, as we have seen.

After the death of the Pacha of Widdin, Omer repaired to Constantinople, where he rose rapidly from rank to rank, and was appointed in 1852 and '54, by his merit and success, to the supreme command of the Ottoman forces against Russia.

See what a pair of gloves may produce—in good hands.

